

Heart....



Melodies

No. 3...

Solos and General Hymns for
Religious Meetings



COMPILED BY

CHAS. J. BUTLER AND CHARLES BENTLEY



JOHN J. HOOD

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1024 Arch Street

CHICAGO:

940 W. Madison Street

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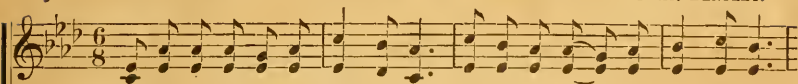
HEART MELODIES.

— No. 3. —

Bethany's Comforter.

JESSE P. TOMPKINS.

CHAS. BENTLEY.



1. Bethany's Comforter comes to bless In the dark hour of deep distress;
2. Bethany's Comforter weeps with me, O-ver the faces I can-not see,
3. Bethany's Comforter brings a balm, Lo! on my spirit there falls a calm;
4. Bethany's Comforter I shall see When in the dawning the mists shall flee;

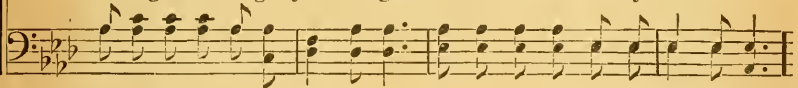


When in my sorrow his face I see, Then all the darkening shadows flee.

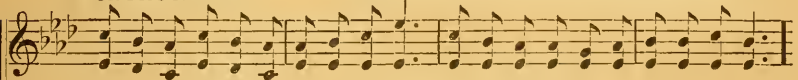
Tenderly touches my pain and grief, Bringing the promise of sweet relief.

When in life's tempest he whispers, "peace," Oh, how the turbulent billows cease.

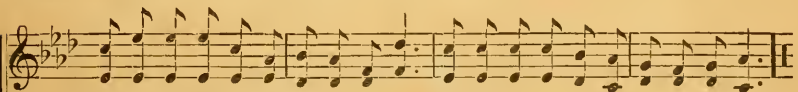
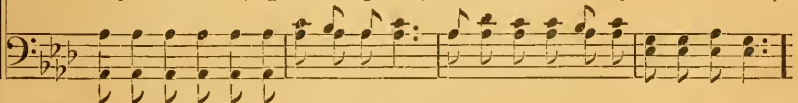
In that bright morning beyond the gloom I shall have victo-ry o'er the tomb.



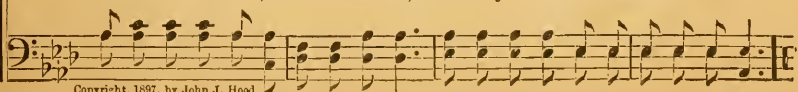
CHORUS.



Bethany's Comforter, light in the gloom, Promise of victo-ry over the tomb;



Sunshine or shadow, whatever it be, Bethany's Comforter cometh to me.



Far from the Fold.

J. H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Far from the fold, how many sheep are straying, Out on the mountains,
 2. Who'll seek the lost? oh, who will follow Jesus, On thro' the night, nor
 3. Sweet would it be, if you and I could answer, "Lord, I have sought thy

des - o - late and bare; Hungry and cold, with wea - ry feet they wander
 heeding toil and pain? Who for *his* sake will prove a servant faithful—
 sheep on mountains cold, Faithful to thee, at last, dear Lord, I've found one,

CHORUS.

Far from the homeland and the Shepherd's care. O come, let us
 Bringing the wand'rer to the fold a - gain?
 Now it is safe - ly sheltered in thy fold. O come,

go and seek the lost one, Wand'ring far on the mountains cold; 'Twill be

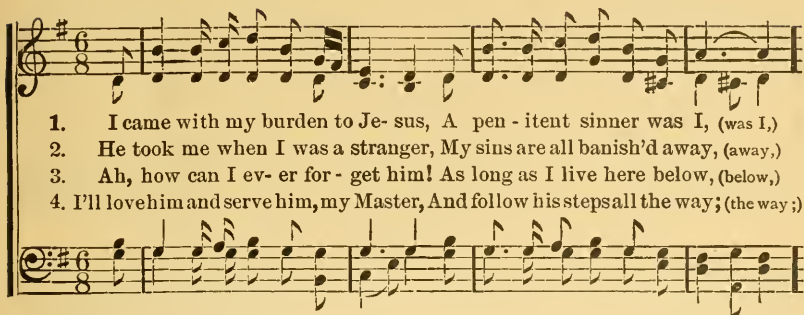
rit.
 sweet to say at the close of day, "I have brought one sheep to the fold."

Jesus is Willing and Strong.

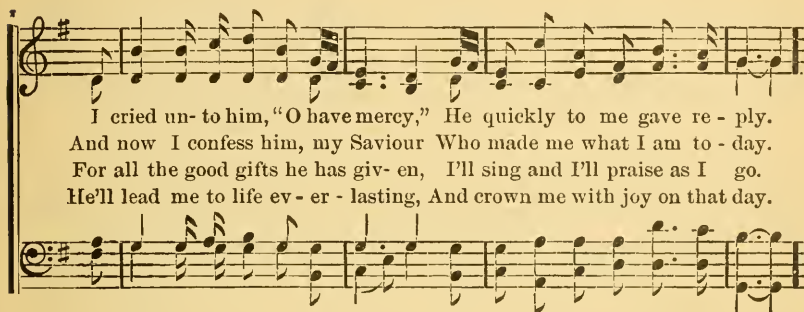
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CHAS. BENTLEY.

Mrs. W. V. BAKER.

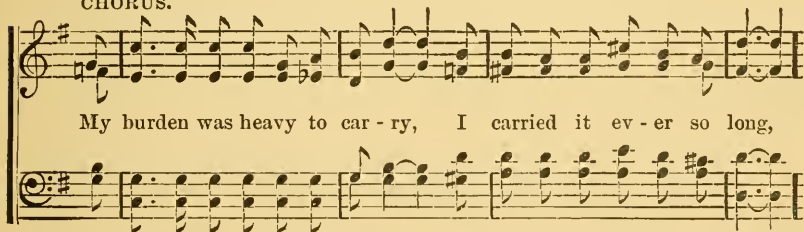


1. I came with my burden to Je-sus, A pen - itent sinner was I, (was I,
2. He took me when I was a stranger, My sins are all banish'd away, (away,)
3. Ah, how can I ev - er for - get him! As long as I live here below, (below,)
4. I'll love him and serve him, my Master, And follow his steps all the way; (the way;)

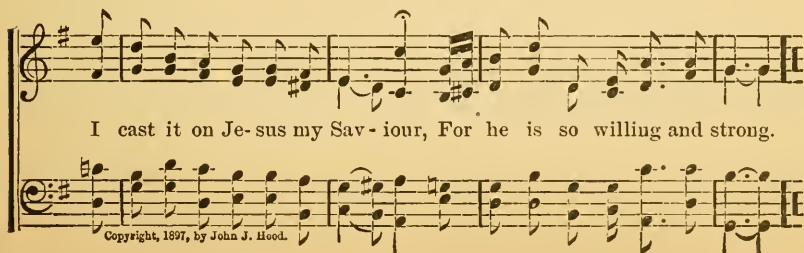


I cried un - to him, "O have mercy," He quickly to me gave re - ply.
And now I confess him, my Saviour Who made me what I am to - day.
For all the good gifts he has giv - en, I'll sing and I'll praise as I go.
He'll lead me to life ev - er - lasting, And crown me with joy on that day.

CHORUS.



My burden was heavy to car - ry, I carried it ev - er so long,



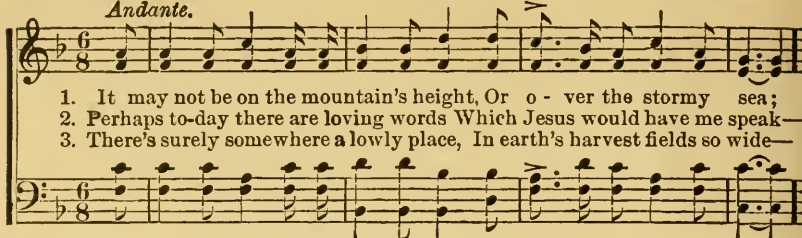
I cast it on Je-sus my Sav - iour, For he is so willing and strong.

I'll Go where You want Me to Go.

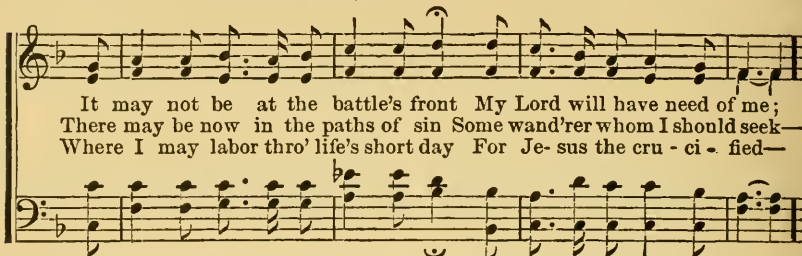
MARY BROWN.

"CONSECRATION."

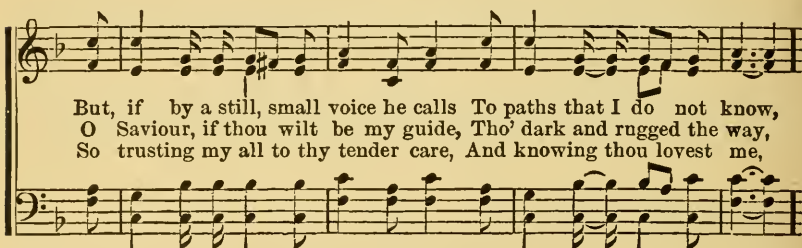
CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.


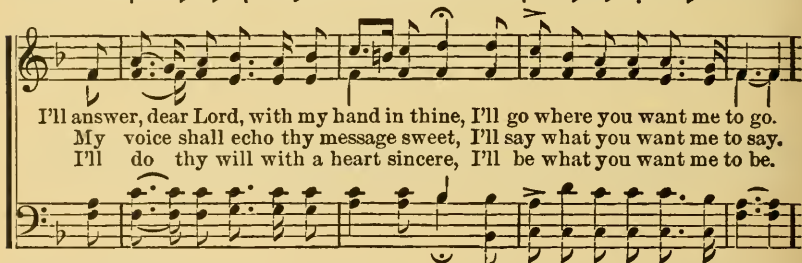
1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the stormy sea;
2. Perhaps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak—
3. There's surely somewhere a lowly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—



It may not be at the battle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'r'er whom I should seek—
Where I may labor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—

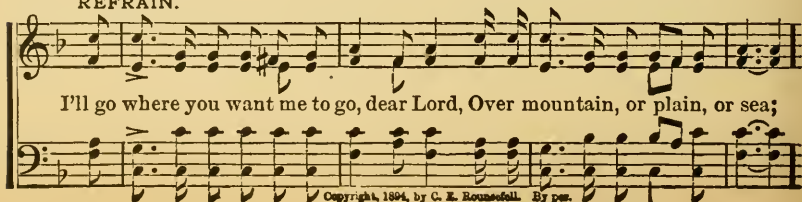


But, if by a still, small voice he calls To paths that I do not know,
O Saviour, if thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trusting my all to thy tender care, And knowing thou lovest me,

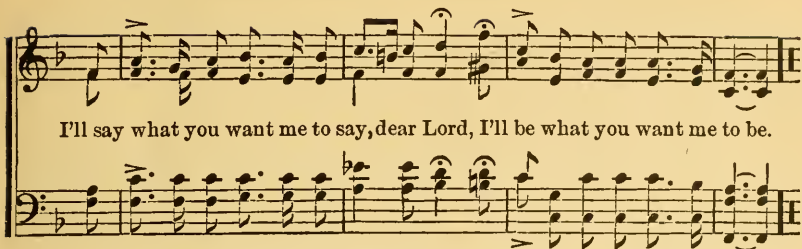


I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall echo thy message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.



I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;



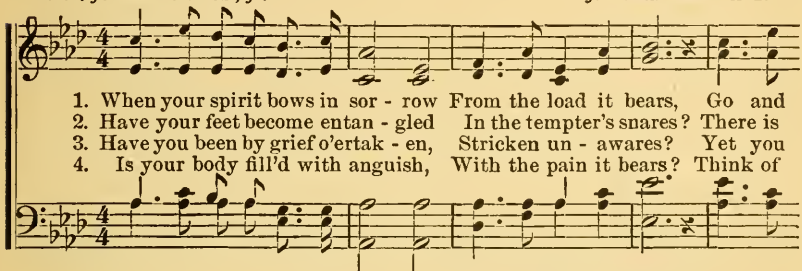
I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

Don't You Know He Cares?

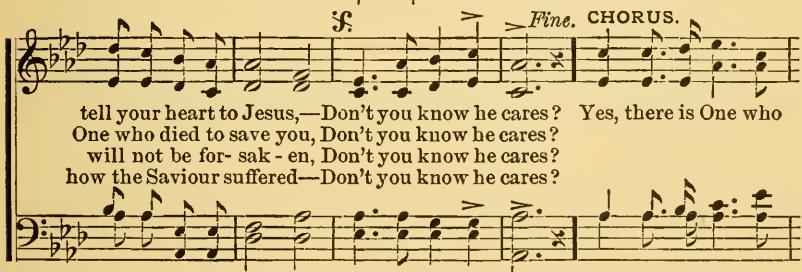
Like Elijah, when he sat under the Juniper tree and prayed for the Lord to take his life, how often we in hours of trouble, sit under our Juniper tree of sorrow alone and cry out, "I am passing through the waters and 'Nobody Cares.'"

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

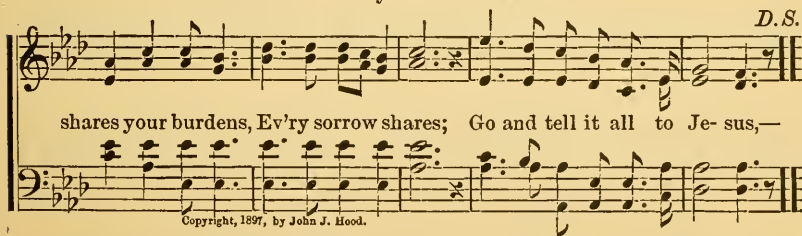


1. When your spirit bows in sor - row From the load it bears, Go and
2. Have your feet become entan - gled In the tempter's snares? There is
3. Have you been by grief o'ertak - en, Stricken un - awares? Yet you
4. Is your body fill'd with anguish, With the pain it bears? Think of



tell your heart to Jesus,—Don't you know he cares? Yes, there is One who
One who died to save you, Don't you know he cares?
will not be for - sak - en, Don't you know he cares?
how the Saviour suffered—Don't you know he cares?

D.S.—Don't you know he cares?



shares your burdens, Ev'ry sorrow shares; Go and tell it all to Je - sus,—

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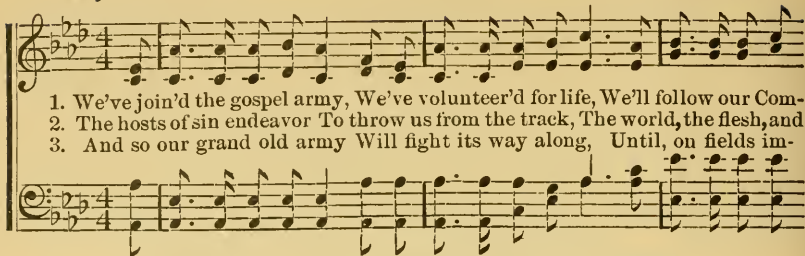
5 Loss of friends and loss of fortune—
Life a dark look wears;
Yet the Saviour still is with you,
Don't you know he cares?

6 So amid life's cares and struggles,
Blending songs with prayers—
Always put your trust in Jesus,
Don't you know he cares?

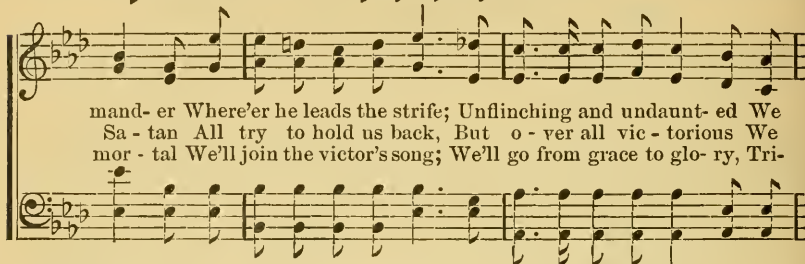
Victory all the Way.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

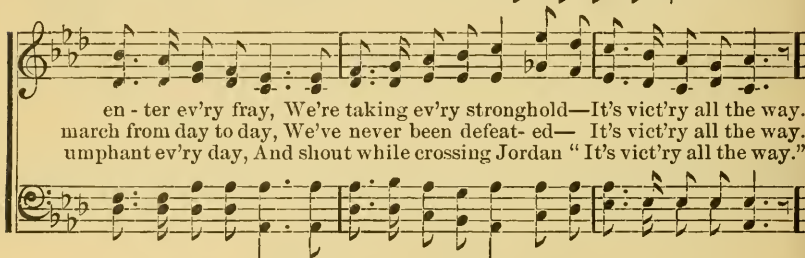
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. We've join'd the gospel army, We've volunteer'd for life, We'll follow our Com-
 2. The hosts of sin endeavor To throw us from the track, The world, the flesh, and
 3. And so our grand old army Will fight its way along, Until, on fields im-

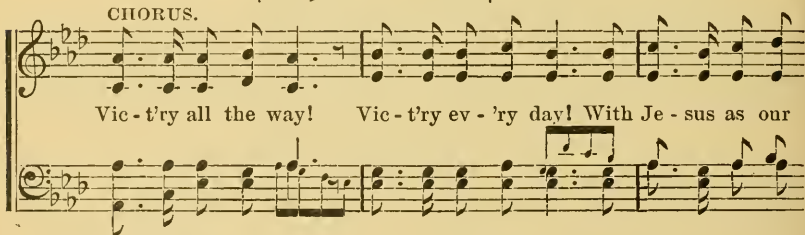


mand- er Where'er he leads the strife; Unflinching and undaunt- ed We
 Sa- tan All try to hold us back, But o- ver all vic- torious We
 mor- tal We'll join the victor's song; We'll go from grace to glo- ry, Tri-

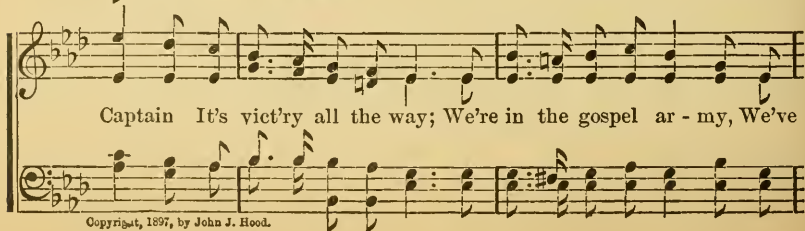


en- ter ev'ry fray, We're taking ev'ry stronghold—It's vict'ry all the way.
 march from day to day, We've never been defeat- ed— It's vict'ry all the way.
 umphant ev'ry day, And shout while crossing Jordan "It's vict'ry all the way."

CHORUS.



Vic- t'ry all the way! Vic- t'ry ev- 'ry day! With Je- sus as our



Captain It's vict'ry all the way; We're in the gospel ar- my, We've

entered it to stay, We're winning ev'ry battle, It's vict'ry all the way.

Faith in Christ.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Faith in Christ, the Bleeding Lamb Will par-don bring to me: Oh.
2. Long I've tried, but tried in vain To free my soul from sin, Now
3. Liv-ing faith to me im-part, Lord, take my doubts away, Oh,
4. Lord, on thee I now be-lieve, For-giveness now is mine, 'Thee

CHORUS.

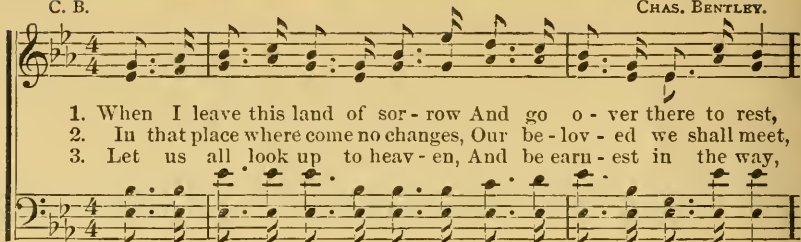
Je-sus, take me as I am, From sin now set me free. 'Twill save me, yes,
with thy blood, Lord, cleanse each stain, And come, abide within.
let thy light shine in my heart, My darkness turn to day.
glad-ly, Lord, I do receive, I will be ev-er thine.

save me, 'Twill save me now, Faith in Christ, the sinner's friend Will save me now.

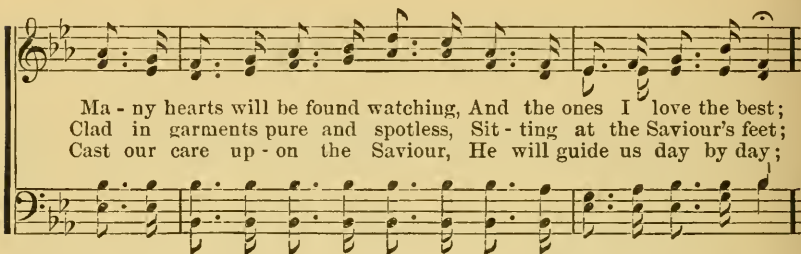
8 When I Reach the Gates of Glory.

C. B.

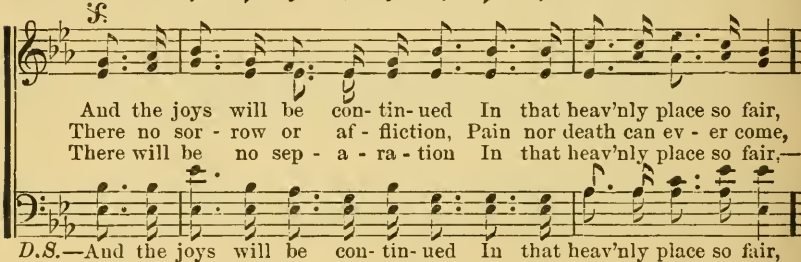
CHAS. BENTLEY.



1. When I leave this land of sor - row And go o - ver there to rest,
 2. In that place where come no changes, Our be - lov - ed we shall meet,
 3. Let us all look up to heav - en, And be earn - est in the way,

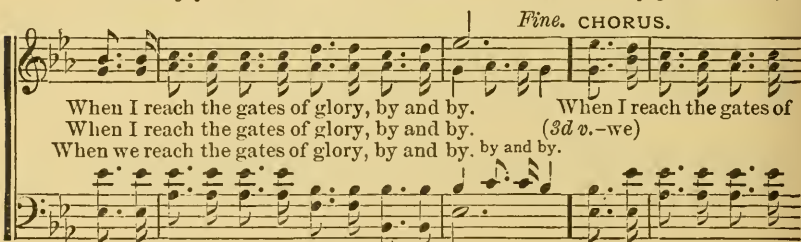


Ma - ny hearts will be found watching, And the ones I love the best;
 Clad in garments pure and spotless, Sit - ting at the Saviour's feet;
 Cast our care up - on the Saviour, He will guide us day by day;



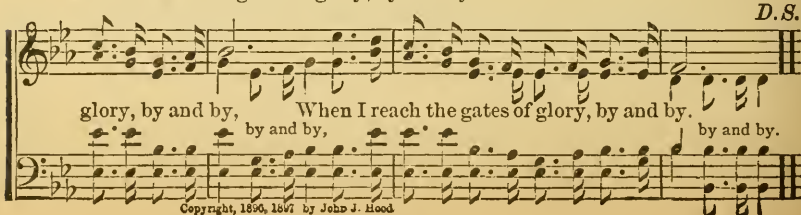
And the joys will be con - tin - ued In that heav'nly place so fair,
 There no sor - row or af - fliction, Pain nor death can ev - er come,
 There will be no sep - a - ra - tion In that heav'nly place so fair, -

D.S.—And the joys will be con - tin - ued In that heav'nly place so fair,



Fine. CHORUS.
 When I reach the gates of glory, by and by. When I reach the gates of
 When I reach the gates of glory, by and by. (*3d v.*—we)
 When we reach the gates of glory, by and by, by and by.

When I reach the gates of glory, by and by.



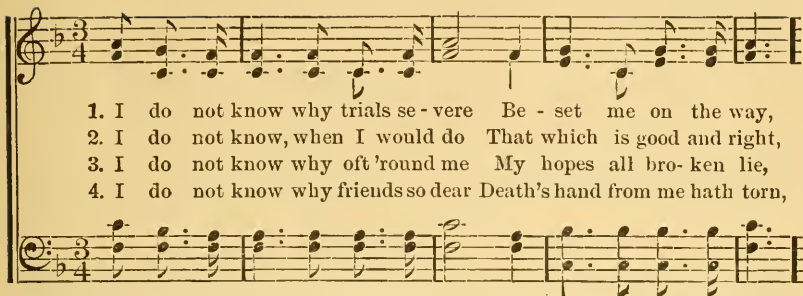
glory, by and by, When I reach the gates of glory, by and by.
 by and by, by and by.

Soon I Shall Know.

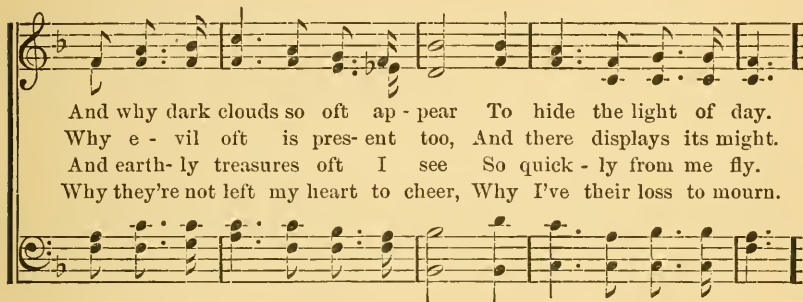
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C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

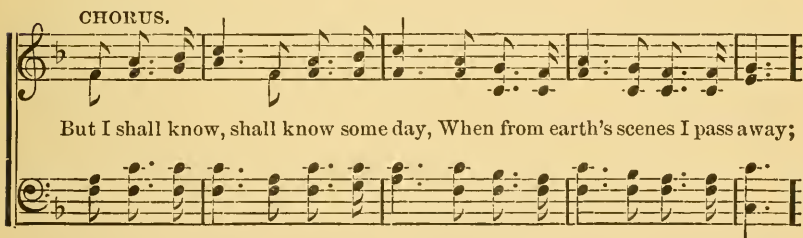


1. I do not know why trials se - vere Be - set me on the way,
 2. I do not know, when I would do That which is good and right,
 3. I do not know why oft 'round me My hopes all bro - ken lie,
 4. I do not know why friends so dear Death's hand from me hath torn,

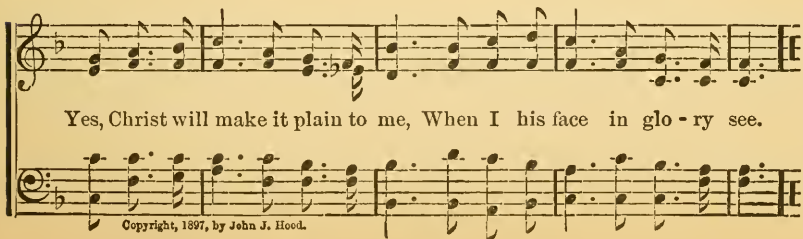


And why dark clouds so oft ap - pear To hide the light of day.
 Why e - vil oft is pres - ent too, And there displays its might.
 And earth - ly treasures oft I see So quick - ly from me fly.
 Why they're not left my heart to cheer, Why I've their loss to mourn.

CHORUS.



But I shall know, shall know some day, When from earth's scenes I pass away;



Yes, Christ will make it plain to me, When I his face in glo - ry see.

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I'll Do Thy Will, Dear Lord.

E. G.

EDWIN GARDNER.

1. I have wander'd, Lord, from thee, In ways of want and sin, But now, dear
 2. I have shared thy kindness, Lord, That blest my dreary night; It found me
 3. There is work that I will do, No matter what the cost; For now I

Lord, I turn to thee,—A bet - ter life be - gin. My sins are pardon'd
 down in sor - row dark, And brought me to the light. Thy love, O God, trans-
 go out in the world To rescue some one lost. Yes, I will help some

by thy blood, I'm strengthen'd by thy word; My heart in gladness turns and says,
 cends my thought, For it hath o'er me poured Such heav'nly bliss, that now I say,
 sinner, Lord, To trust thy blessed word; Enthused with joy my heart now sings,

CHORUS.

"I'll do thy will, dear Lord." I'll do thy will, I'll do thy will, I'll do thy

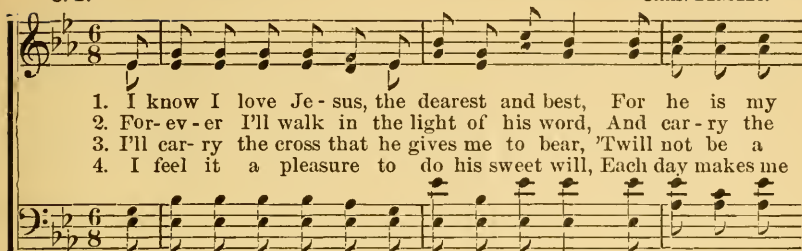
will, dear Lord; I'll go where'er thou sendest me, I'll do thy will, dear Lord.

He Sweetly Saves Me.

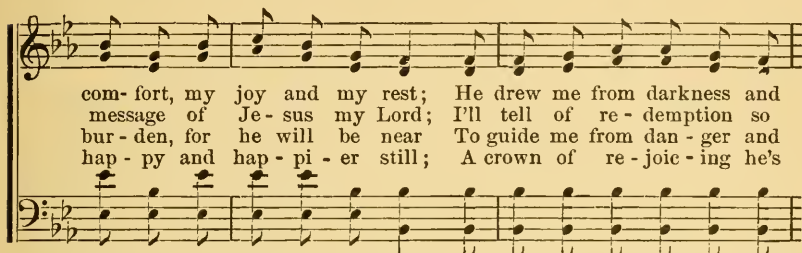
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C. B.

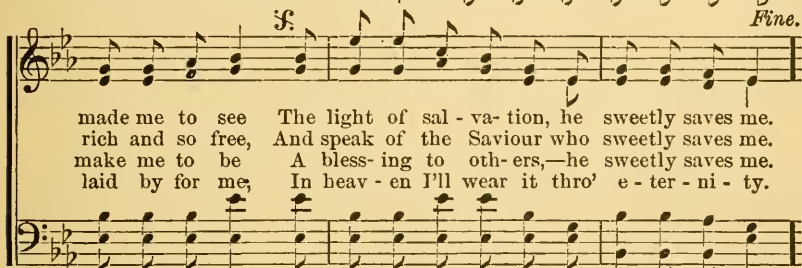
CHAS. BENTLEY.



1. I know I love Je - sus, the dearest and best, For he is my
 2. For - ev - er I'll walk in the light of his word, And car - ry the
 3. I'll car - ry the cross that he gives me to bear, 'Twill not be a
 4. I feel it a pleasure to do his sweet will, Each day makes me



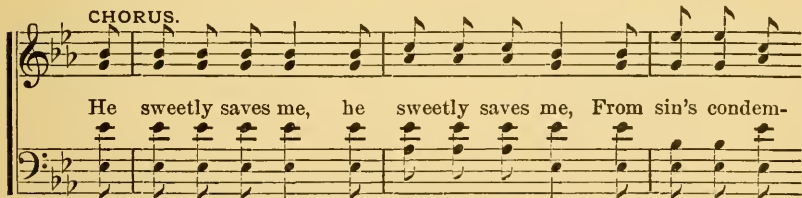
com - fort, my joy and my rest; He drew me from darkness and
 message of Je - sus my Lord; I'll tell of re - demption so
 bur - den, for he will be near To guide me from dan - ger and
 hap - py and hap - pi - er still; A crown of re - joic - ing he's



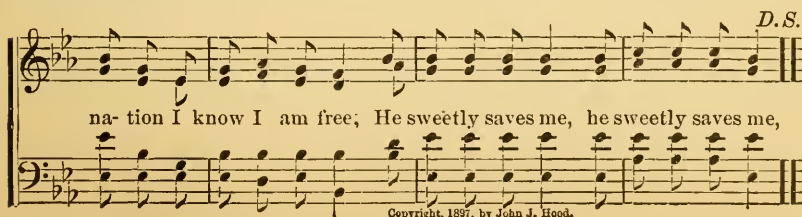
made me to see The light of sal - va - tion, he sweetly saves me.
 rich and so free, And speak of the Saviour who sweetly saves me.
 make me to be A bless - ing to oth - ers, — he sweetly saves me.
 laid by for me; In heav - en I'll wear it thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

D.S.—O bless - ed sal - va - tion, he sweetly saves me!

CHORUS.



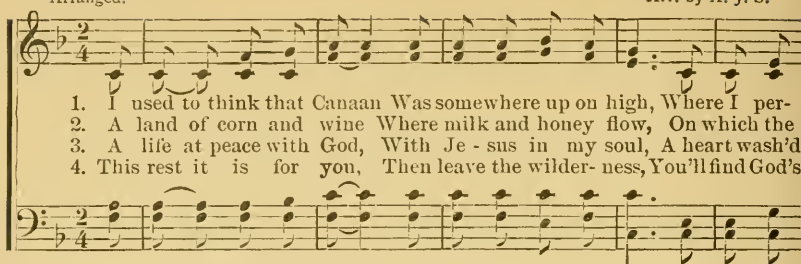
He sweetly saves me, he sweetly saves me, From sin's condem -



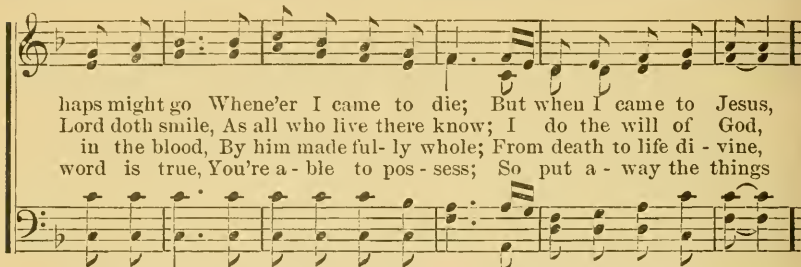
na - tion I know I am free; He sweetly saves me, he sweetly saves me,

Arranged.

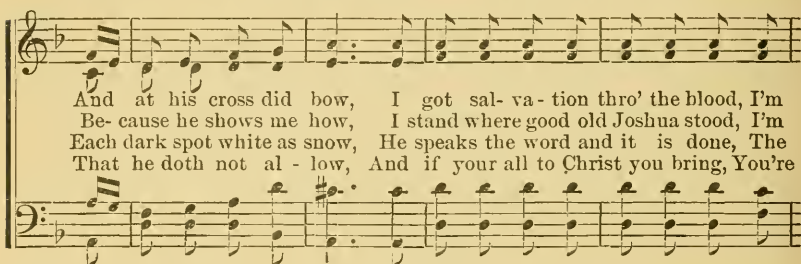
Arr. by A. J. S.



1. I used to think that Canaan Was somewhere up on high, Where I per-
 2. A land of corn and wine Where milk and honey flow, On which the
 3. A life at peace with God, With Je - sus in my soul, A heart wash'd
 4. This rest it is for you, Then leave the wilder - ness, You'll find God's

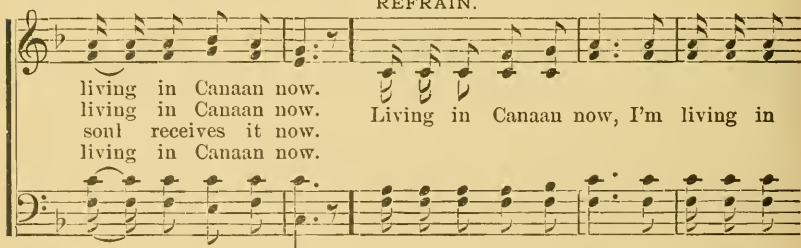


haps might go Whene'er I came to die; But when I came to Jesus,
 Lord doth smile, As all who live there know; I do the will of God,
 in the blood, By him made ful - ly whole; From death to life di - vine,
 word is true, You're a - ble to pos - sess; So put a - way the things

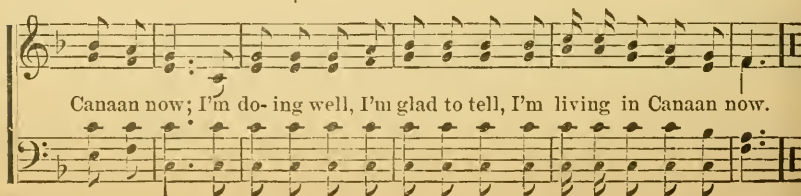


And at his cross did bow, I got sal - va - tion thro' the blood, I'm
 Be - cause he shows me how, I stand where good old Joshua stood, I'm
 Each dark spot white as snow, He speaks the word and it is done, The
 That he doth not al - low, And if your all to Christ you bring, You're

REFRAIN.



living in Canaan now.
 living in Canaan now. Living in Canaan now, I'm living in
 soul receives it now.
 living in Canaan now.

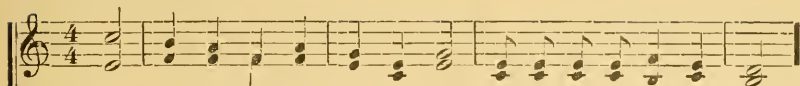


Canaan now; I'm do - ing well, I'm glad to tell, I'm living in Canaan now.

Sinner, Will You Go?

13

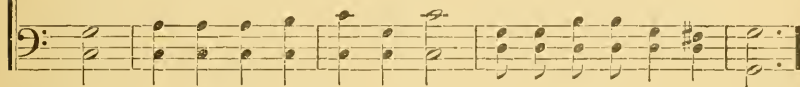
Words and Melody by
CHAS. J. BUTLER.



1. To yonder bliss-ful home I'm bound, Sinner, will you go with me?
2. There mu-sic sweet shall greet my ear, Sinner, will you go with me?
3. My Lord I'll see with vis-ion clear, Sinner, will you go with me?
4. All who for Christ the cross will bear, Sinner, will you go with me?



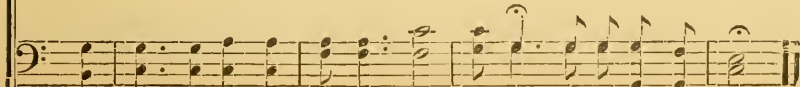
There last-ing joy and peace is found, Sinner, will you go with me?
Such as on earth we ne'er can hear, Sinner, will you go with me?
And grasp the hand of kin-dred dear, Sinner, will you go with me?
Shall in you home His glori-ous share, Sinner, will you go with me?



There ne'er shall fade the light of day, There sorrow's tears are wip'd a-way,
With that blest choir I'll take my place, And sing of Je-sus' saving grace,
Saints of all a-ges there I'll meet, And worship at the Saviour's feet,
Earth's joys will soon be swept a-way, Here in this vale we can-not stay,



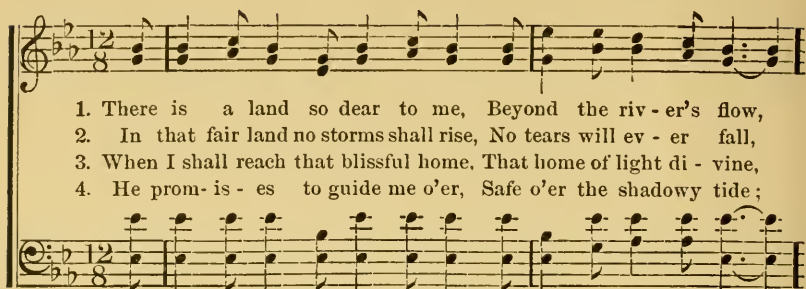
With Je-sus there I'll ev-er stay, Sinner, will you go with me?
And feel the bliss of His em-brace, Sinner, will you go with me?
And hold with them communion sweet, Sinner, will you go with me?
Se-cure a man-sion while you may, Sinner, will you go with me?



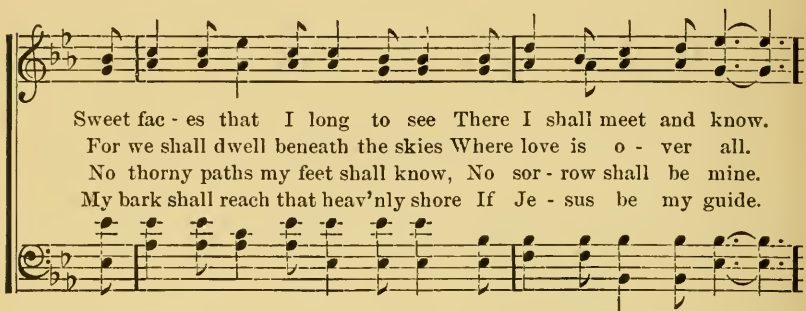
There is a Land so Dear to Me.

JESSE P. TOMPKINS.

Mrs. J. A. FIRCH.

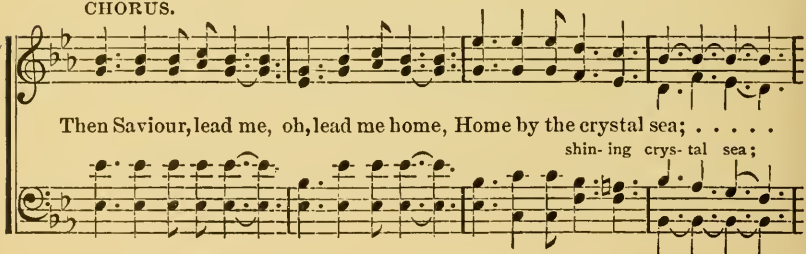


1. There is a land so dear to me, Beyond the riv-er's flow,
 2. In that fair land no storms shall rise, No tears will ev-er fall,
 3. When I shall reach that blissful home, That home of light di-vine,
 4. He prom-is-es to guide me o'er, Safe o'er the shadowy tide;

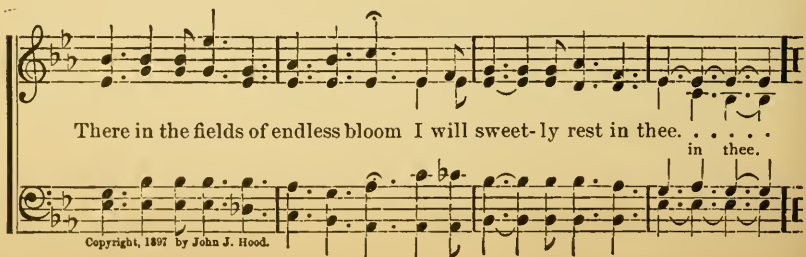


Sweet fac-es that I long to see There I shall meet and know.
 For we shall dwell beneath the skies Where love is o-ver all.
 No thorny paths my feet shall know, No sor-row shall be mine.
 My bark shall reach that heav'nly shore If Je-sus be my guide.

CHORUS.



Then Saviour, lead me, oh, lead me home, Home by the crystal sea;
 shin-ing crys-tal sea;



There in the fields of endless bloom I will sweet-ly rest in thee. . . .
 in thee.

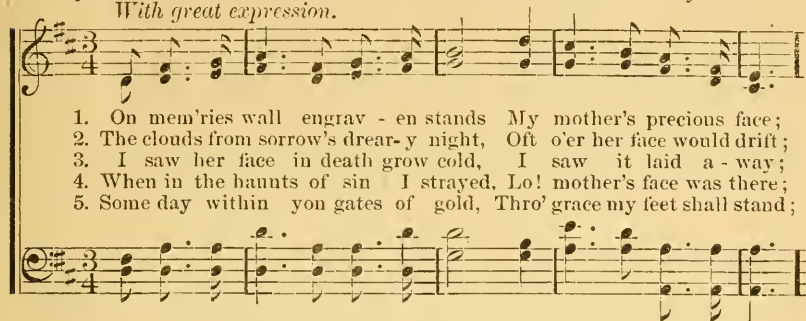
My Mother's Face.

When a lad, just after the death of my mother, in company with some gay companions, I strayed into a gilded saloon; I had only been there a short time when I seemed to see the face of my mother, and the thought came to me, what would she think if she saw me here? I quickly resolved to leave the place, and soon found my way to the house of prayer, and sought and found my mother's God.

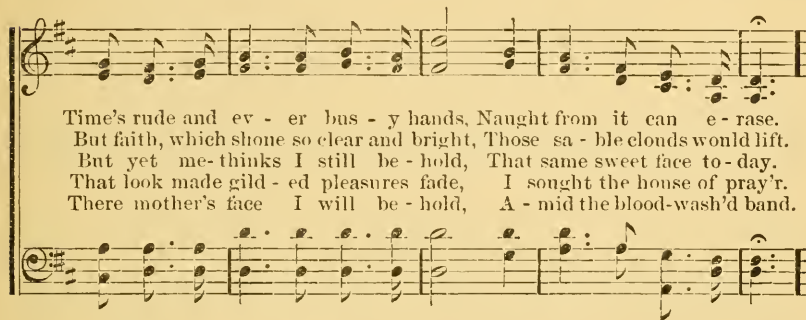
C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

With great expression.

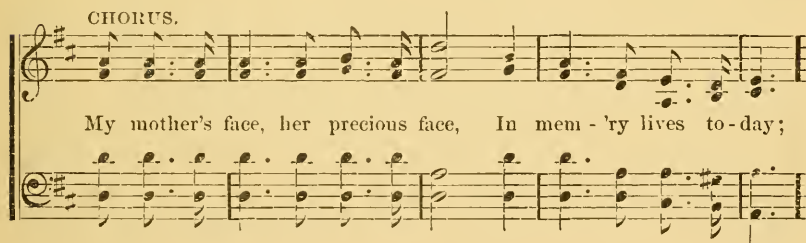


1. On mem'ries wall engrav - en stands My mother's precious face;
 2. The clouds from sorrow's drear-y night, Oft o'er her face would drift;
 3. I saw her face in death grow cold, I saw it laid a - way;
 4. When in the haunts of sin I strayed, Lo! mother's face was there;
 5. Some day within yon gates of gold, Thro' grace my feet shall stand;



Time's rude and ev - er bus - y hands, Naught from it can e - rase.
 But faith, which shone so clear and bright, Those sa - ble clouds would lift.
 But yet me-thinks I still be - hold, That same sweet face to - day.
 That look made gild - ed pleasures fade, I sought the house of pray'r.
 There mother's face I will be - hold, A - mid the blood-wash'd band.

CHORUS.



My mother's face, her precious face, In mem - 'ry lives to-day;

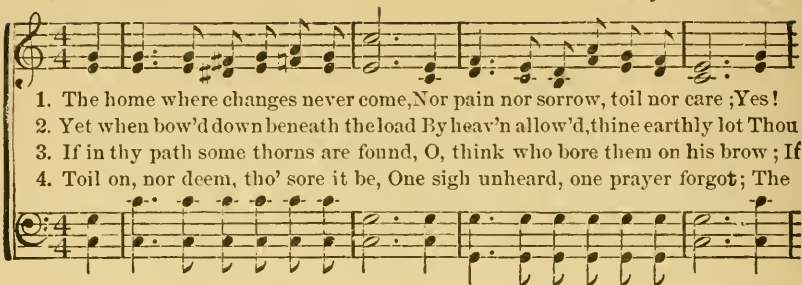


Time's hand some pictures may e - rase, Her face ne'er fades a - way.

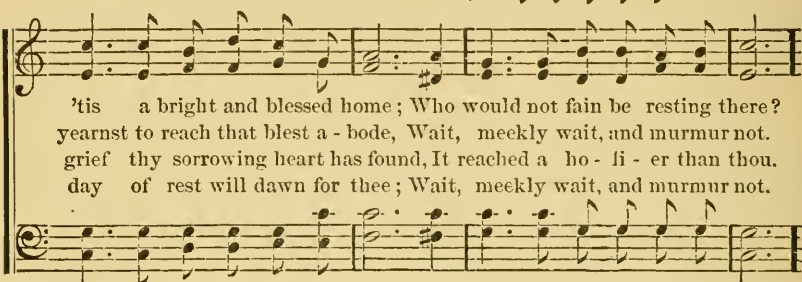
Wait, and Murmur Not.

W. H. BELLAMY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

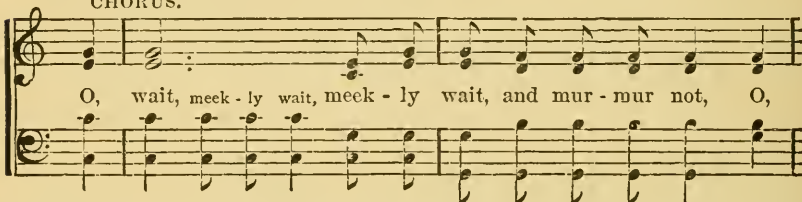


1. The home where changes never come, Nor pain nor sorrow, toil nor care; Yes!
 2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot Thou
 3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on his brow; If
 4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one prayer forgot; The

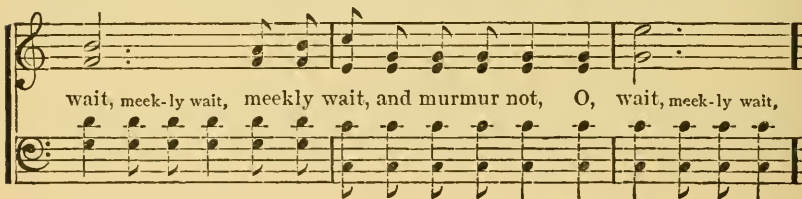


'tis a bright and blessed home; Who would not fain be resting there?
 yearnst to reach that blest a - bode, Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.
 grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou.
 day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.

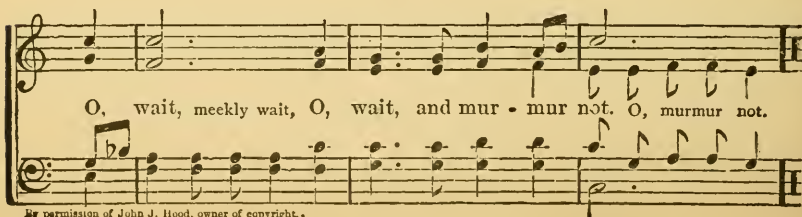
CHORUS.



O, wait, meek - ly wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O,



wait, meek - ly wait, meekly wait, and murmur not, O, wait, meek - ly wait,



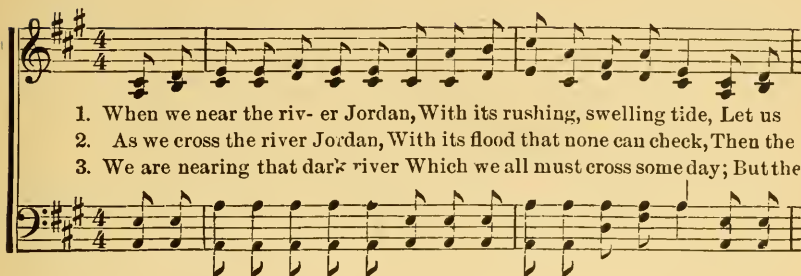
O, wait, meekly wait, O, wait, and mur - mur not. O, murmur not.

At the Crossing Over Jordan.

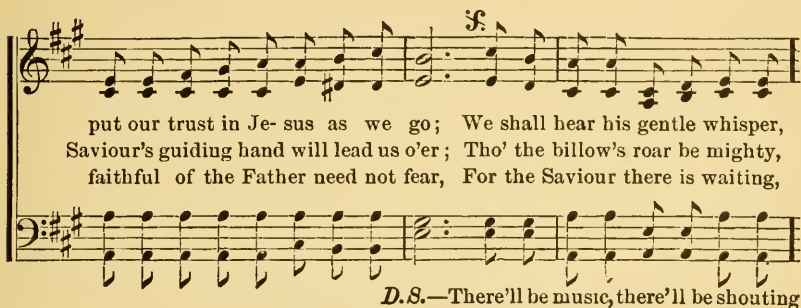
17

C. B.

CHAS. BENTLEY.

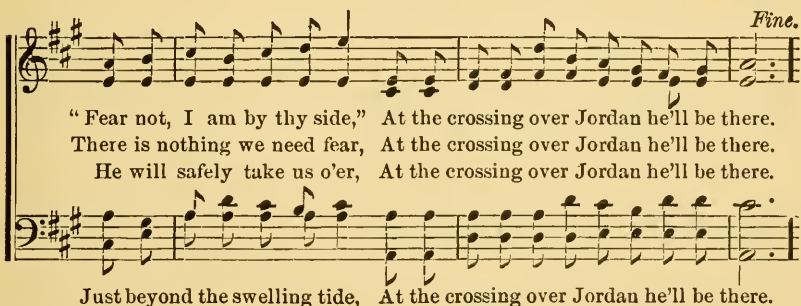


1. When we near the riv- er Jordan, With its rushing, swelling tide, Let us
 2. As we cross the river Jordan, With its flood that none can check, Then the
 3. We are nearing that dar^k river Which we all must cross some day; But the



put our trust in Je- sus as we go; We shall hear his gentle whisper,
 Saviour's guiding hand will lead us o'er; Tho' the billow's roar be mighty,
 faithful of the Father need not fear, For the Saviour there is waiting,

D.S.—There'll be music, there'll be shouting



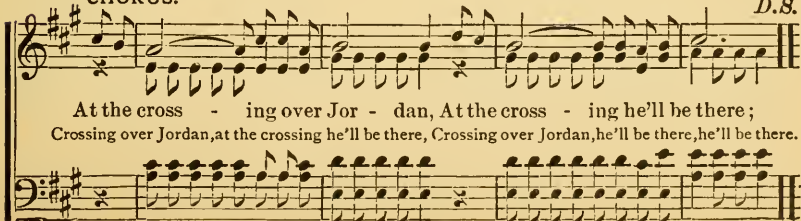
Fine.

"Fear not, I am by thy side," At the crossing over Jordan he'll be there.
 There is nothing we need fear, At the crossing over Jordan he'll be there.
 He will safely take us o'er, At the crossing over Jordan he'll be there.

Just beyond the swelling tide, At the crossing over Jordan he'll be there.

CHORUS.

D.S.



At the cross - ing over Jor - dan, At the cross - ing he'll be there;
 Crossing over Jordan, at the crossing he'll be there, Crossing over Jordan, he'll be there, he'll be there.

The Saviour Walks Beside Me.

C. B.

CHAS BENTLEY.

1. I never weary trav'ling the way my Father's trod, The Saviour walks be-
 2. Whilst climbing hills and mountains I never shall despair, The Saviour walks be-
 3. 'Mid tri- als and temptations my journey I pursue, The Saviour walks be-
 4. I know that all my troubles and trav'ling soon will cease, The Saviour walks be-

side me ev-'ry day; I gain from him fresh courage by trusting in his word,
 side me ev-'ry day; I have his precious promise "my child, you need not fear,"
 side me ev-'ry day; He cheers me with a whisper, my strength he doth renew,
 side me ev-'ry day; And I shall live for- ev- er with him in perfect peace,

Fine. CHORUS.

The Saviour walks beside me all the way. The Saviour walks beside me, he

D.S.—Saviour walks beside me all the way.

comforts and he guides me, He strengthens and he keeps me ev'ry day;

D.S.

No e- vil shall be- tide me, he'll safe- ly, safe- ly hide me, The

Never Alone.

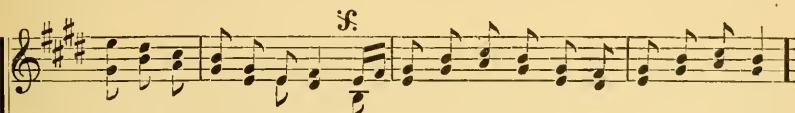
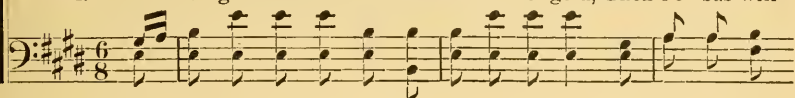
19

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

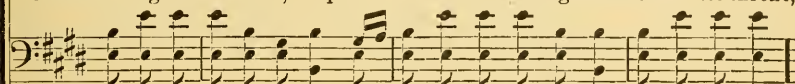
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



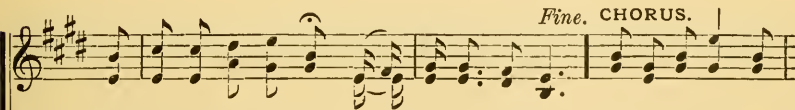
1. Since I found the Saviour, I'm hap-py alway, For now he is
2. When loss-es have tak-en my silver and gold, When friends who once
3. When lov'd ones have gone like the birds from their nest, And under the
4. When I get to heaven where streets are of gold, Then Je-sus will



with me each step of the way; When others like birds in the autumn have flown,
flatter'd seem silent and cold, I still have my Saviour, his love doth atone,
green grass are lying at rest, I know they are happy, so why should I moan?
show me his glories untold; I'll praise him while standing beside the white throne,

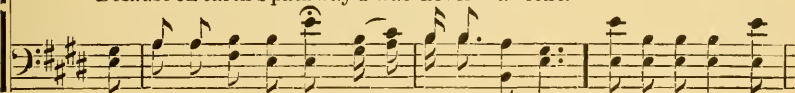


D.S.—Tho' darkness be o'er me, my pil-low a stone,



Fine. CHORUS.

My Saviour is with me,—I'm never a-lone. Never a-lone, no,
Oh, praise and adore him,—I'm never a-lone.
Still Je-sus is with me,—I'm never a-lone.
Because on earth's pathway I was never a-lone.

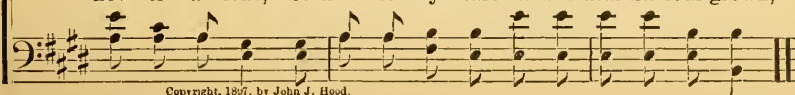


Yet still I am hap-py,—I'm never a-lone.



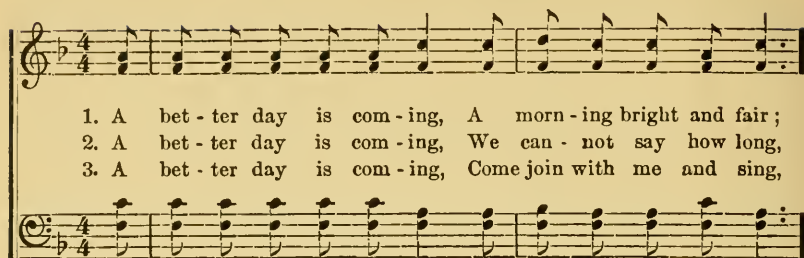
D.S.

nev-er a-lone, So near to my heart has the dear Saviour grown,

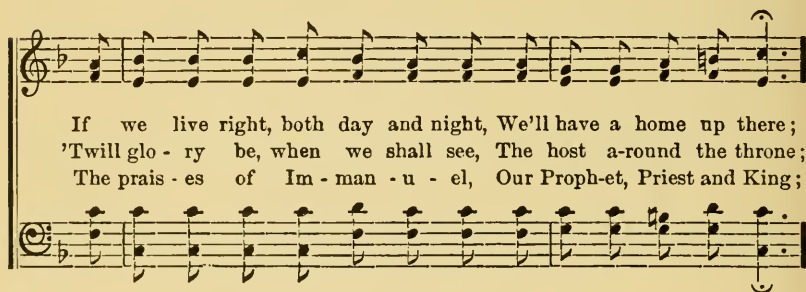


COMING BY AND BY.

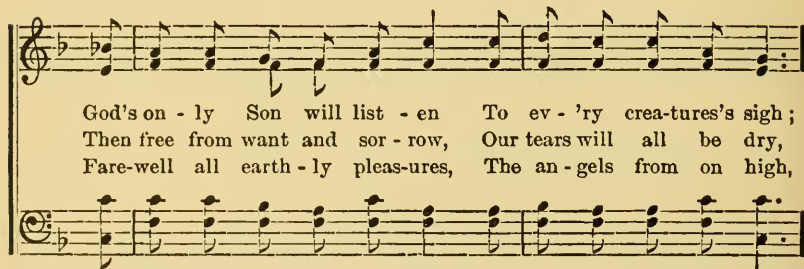
Words and Music by CHAS. BENTLEY.



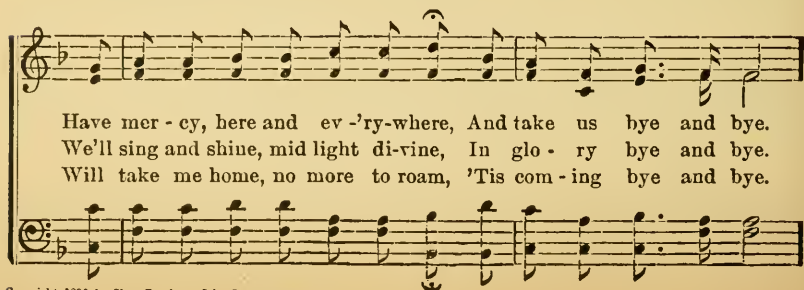
1. A bet - ter day is com - ing, A morn - ing bright and fair ;
 2. A bet - ter day is com - ing, We can - not say how long,
 3. A bet - ter day is com - ing, Come join with me and sing,



If we live right, both day and night, We'll have a home up there ;
 'Twill glo - ry be, when we shall see, The host a-round the throne ;
 The prais - es of Im - man - u - el, Our Proph-et, Priest and King ;

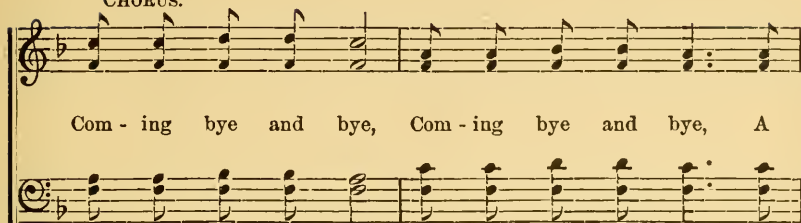


God's on - ly Son will list - en To ev - 'ry crea-tures's sigh ;
 Then free from want and sor - row, Our tears will all be dry,
 Fare-well all earth - ly pleas-ures, The an - gels from on high,

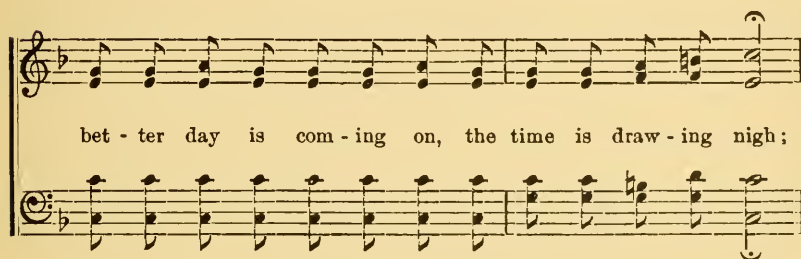


Have mer - cy, here and ev - 'ry-where, And take us bye and bye.
 We'll sing and shine, mid light di-vine, In glo - ry bye and bye.
 Will take me home, no more to roam, 'Tis com - ing bye and bye.

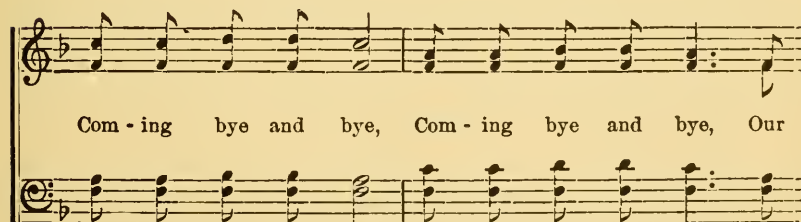
CHORUS.



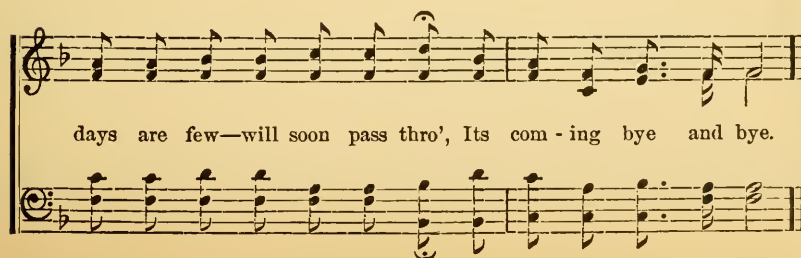
Com - ing bye and bye, Com - ing bye and bye, A



bet - ter day is com - ing on, the time is draw - ing nigh;



Com - ing bye and bye, Com - ing bye and bye, Our



days are few—will soon pass thro', Its com - ing bye and bye.

Listen to the Blessed Master.

C. B.

CHAS. BENTLEY

1. List-en to the bless-ed Mas-ter, Heed his loving voice, He is
 2. Whilst his mer-cy is ex-tend-ed, Arms are o-pen wide To re-
 3. Why not list-en and o-bey him,—Have the joys within? For your

read-y and will pardon you to-day; Whilst the Spirit strives within you—
 ceive you; will you come to him to-day? O quench not his blessed Spirit,
 life will then be hap-py all the day, He will crown you with a blessing—

D.S.—Spirit striveth now to en-ter in, He will crown you with a blessing—

Fine.

Come and make your choice, Do not let this blessed moment pass a-way.
 Let him be your Guide, Do not let this blessed moment pass a-way.
 Keep you from all sin, Do not let this blessed moment pass a-way.

Keep you from all sin, Do not let this blessed moment pass a-way.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Do not let this blessed moment pass a-way, For the
 pass a-way,

It must be Settled to-night.

23

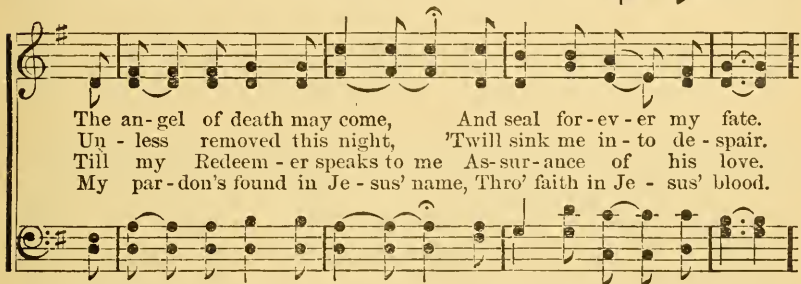
A miner in England went to Church one night and became deeply concerned for the salvation of his soul. When the services were ended he refused to leave the house, although the minister told him it was late, and he must go home and seek the Saviour there, and come again the next night. "No," said the miner, "It must be settled to-night, to-morrow night may be too late." So the minister stayed with him until he found peace. The next day while at work in the mines a mass of rock fell upon him, and he was killed. His last words were, "Thank God, it was settled last night, to-night it would have been too late."

Rev. C. B. KENDALL.

JOHN J. HOOD.



1. "It must be settled to - night, To-morrow may be too late;"
 2. A bur - den weighs my soul I can no long - er bear;
 3. I can - not rest till peace En - folds me from a - bove,—
 4. Oh, now I know 'tis done! My peace is made with God;

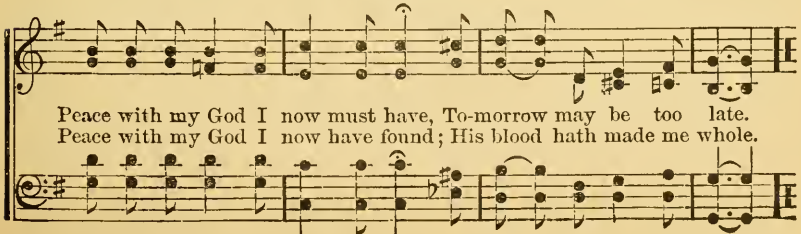


The an - gel of death may come, And seal for - ev - er my fate.
 Un - less removed this night, 'Twill sink me in - to de - spair.
 Till my Redeem - er speaks to me As - sur - ance of his love.
 My par - don's found in Je - sus' name, Thro' faith in Je - sus' blood.

CHORUS.



It must be set - tled to - night, I can no long - er wait,
 4th v. Oh, now I know 'tis done! Sweet joy pervades my soul;
 to-night,

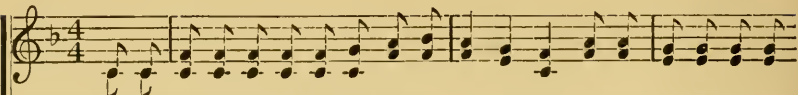


Peace with my God I now must have, To-morrow may be too late.
 Peace with my God I now have found; His blood hath made me whole.

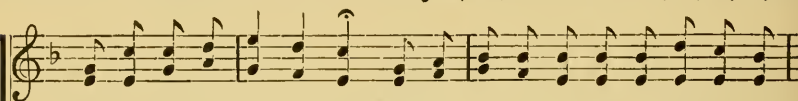
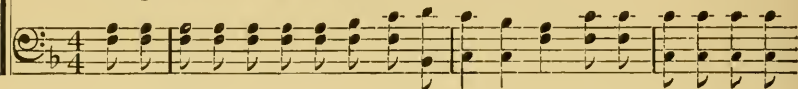
24 I have Sought and Found the Saviour.

C. B.

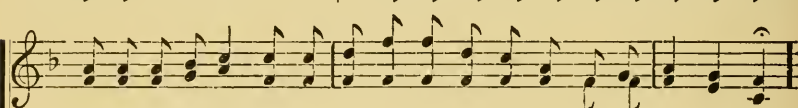
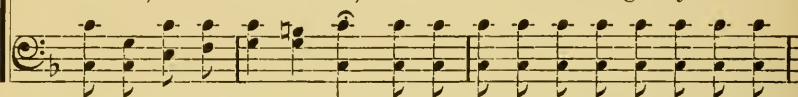
CHAS BENTLEY.



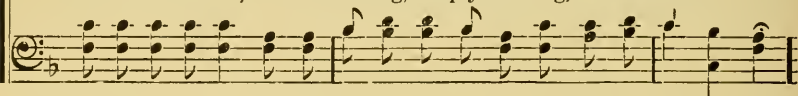
1. I have sought and found the Saviour And I know he's mine; I have found a full re-
2. I have sought and found the Saviour, And my heart's content; It was by the Holy
3. I have sought and found the Saviour, For he first sought me; I will daily love and



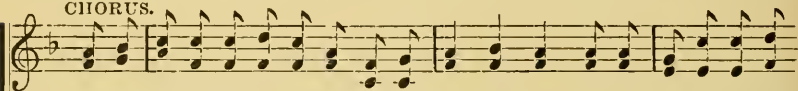
demption On the gos - pel line; When a - way in bit - ter bondage By the
Spir - it Thro' his word he sent; Day by day I trusted in him, For I
serve him, Now I know I'm free; There's a crown for me in glo - ry If I



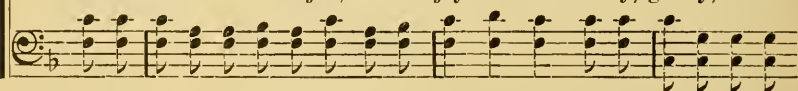
pow'r of sin enslaved, Je - sus met me in his mercy, And I know I'm saved.
know no other way; I have plung'd in Calv'ry's fountain, And I'm saved to-day.
bear his cross below; I am trusting, simply trusting, And I'm saved I know.



CHORUS.



Blessed Jesus! hal - le - lujah, For the joy di - vine! Glory, glo - ry, halle -



lu - jah, For the gos - pel line! Heaven's gates I'll enter in, For the



blood hath cleans'd my sin; Jesus gives me his salvation, And I know he's mine.

I Will Not Fear.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. While out on life's dark, stormy sea How sweet to know that Christ is near;
2. The angry waves may round me roll, The storm may rage, the night be drear,
3. Jesus controls the winds and waves, The storm will cease at his command,

rit. Fine.

What comfort does it give to me, When I his lov-ing voice can hear.
Peaceful and calm shall be my soul, If Christ assures me he is near.
A - mid the dan-ger Je-sus saves, He holds me in his lov-ing hand.

D.S.—Far, far a - bove the tempest wild I bear him say, "Fear not, my child."

CHORUS. *D.S.*

I will not fear, I will not fear, For Christ my loving Saviour's near;

Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

4 I'll trust in his almighty power,
Since he has bid me not to fear;
I know that in life's darkest hour
Jesus my Saviour will be near.

5 My little bark he'll safely guide
Into the port of endless rest,
And there with him I shall abide
And naught my soul shall e'er molest.

Jesus sets me Free.

R. K. C.

"Being made free from sin."

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. O my gracious Lord, Now set me free; On thy mighty word
 2. From each act of sin, Lord, set me free, From de-sire with-in
 3. I be-lieve thy word, He sets me free; Je-sus' precious blood

Come I to thee; Come with grief distressed, Come with sin oppressed,
 Give lib-er-ty; Seek and save the lost, Pay the bit-ter cost,
 Flows now for me; I am dead to sin, Yet I live in him,

REFRAIN.

To thy lov-ing breast, O Je-sus, set me free. He sets me free,
 Send the Ho-ly Ghost, O Je-sus, set me free.
 I am pure with-in, For Je-sus sets me free.

Now sets me free, Glo-ry be to God For lib-er-ty; He sets me free,

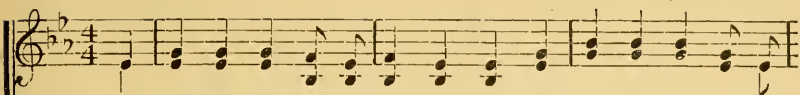
Now sets me free, Glo-ry be to God, My Je-sus sets me free!

Will You Come to Jesus?

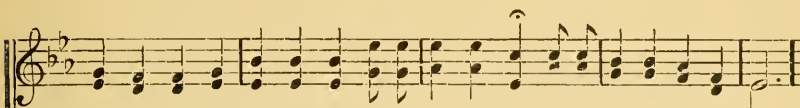
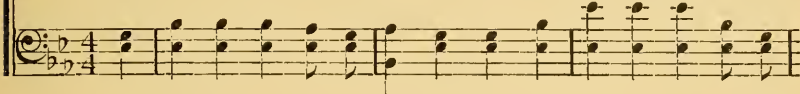
27

J. M. W.

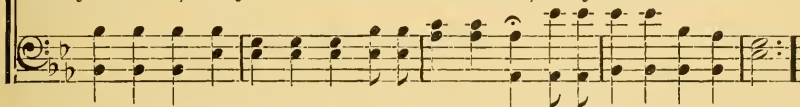
J. M. WHYTE.



1. Oh, why thus stand with reluct-ant feet Just on the verge of this
2. The Spir - it strives, and yet there you stand In sight of bliss and the
3. Your loved ones gone to the oth - er shore With unseen hands seem to
4. The touch of death is up - on your frame, The mar - ble slab soon will



rest so sweet? While God invites, and your steps will greet, Will you come, etc.
glory-land; Retreat is death in the sinking sand, Will you come to Jesus now?
beckon o'er; Their voices hushed, yet they still implore, Will you come to Jesus now?
bear your name; Lest you should suffer eternal shame, Will you come to Jesus now?



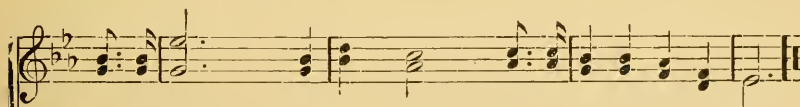
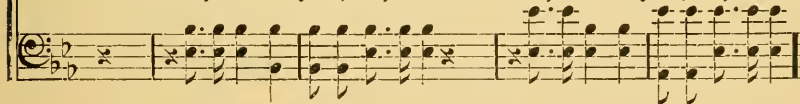
CHORUS.



Will you come to Je - sus? Will you come to Je - sus?

Will you come to Jesus, will you come?

Will you come to Jesus, will you come?



Will you come to Je - sus? Will you come to Je - sus now?

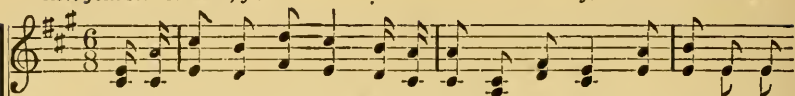
Will you come to Je - sus, will you come?



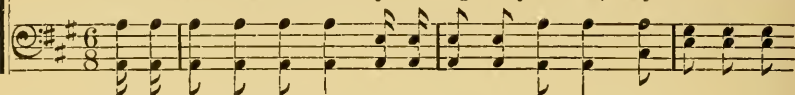
When Jesus Spoke Peace.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



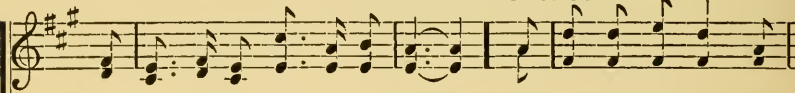
1. When I came to the Lord with a bur - den of sin, On Je - sus my
2. With a dull, ach - ing heart I at - tempted to pray, While tears of re -
3. Now I walk with my Lord on the heav - en - ly road, And praise him for
4. When I stand with the blest by the bright crystal sea, My Saviour and



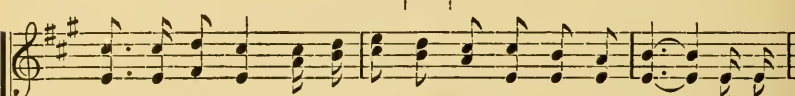
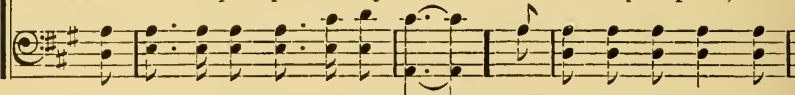
load I did roll, Then way down in my heart I felt heaven be - gin,
 pentance did roll, But like sun aft - er storm, ev'ry cloud pass'd away,
 making me whole, And I walk light and free, for he took all my load,
 Lord I'll ex - tol, But I'll love that dear hour while the ages shall flee,



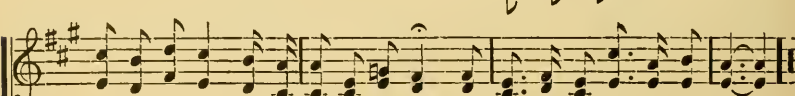
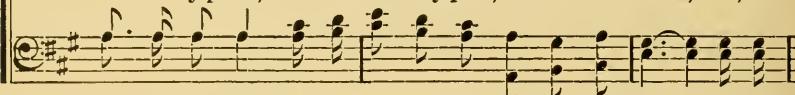
CHORUS.



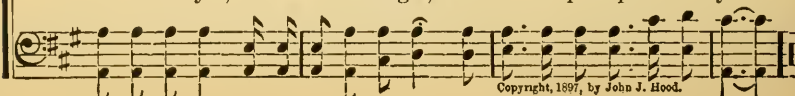
When Je - sus spoke peace to my soul. Yes, Jesus spoke peace, such



heav - en - ly peace, When he made my poor, broken heart whole; Oh, I



love that hour yet, and can never forget, When Jesus spoke peace to my soul.



The Harbor-Home.

29

HARRIET E. JONES.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. You're sailing t'ward the fearful rapids, brother, Face the harbor-home! You're
2. Beware of hidden rock and sand, my brother, Face the harbor-home! Oh,
3. Before you there is awful danger, brother, Face the harbor-home! Just

drifting farther from the beacon, brother, Face the harbor-home! See the clouds of
turn toward the shining beacon, brother, Face the harbor-home! Shining stars their
turn about and there is safety, brother, Face the harbor-home! Brightly now the

darkness o'er you, See the many wrecks before you, Turn this moment, we im-
watch are keeping, Angry waves are 'round you sweeping, Guardian angels must be
light is burning, Wise are they the light discerning, Oh! at once your back be

CHORUS.

plore you, Face the harbor-home! Face the harbor-home! Face the
weeping, Face the harbor-home!
turning, Face the harbor-home!
Face, O face Face, O face the harbor-home! Face, O face

harbor-home! The light discern, your frail bark turn, And face the harbor-home!
the harbor-home! quickly face harbor-home!

Joy is Teeming.

Dr. GEO. P. OLIVER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



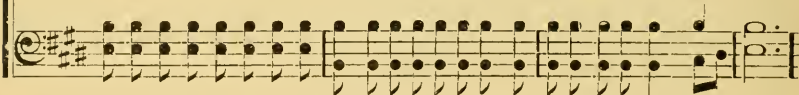
1. Tell me not my lot is sadness, Now I've gained this state so bright ; Ev'ry
2. Calmly are the moments flying, Free from every care and fear ; Precious
3. Free from every earthly billow, Now my weary head may rest ; Let me



thought is filled with gladness, Life is now one scene of light. Joy is
 Je - sus, when I'm dy - ing, Let me feel thee then as near.
 make my lat - est pil - low, on my dear Re - deem - er's breast.



teeming, joy is teeming without measure, Sweetly in my throbbing heart ;
 without measure, Sweetly teeming in my throbbing heart ;



Seal, oh, seal the heav'nly trea - sure, Let it never from me part.



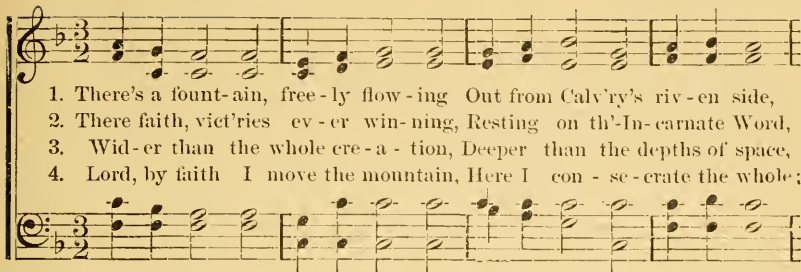
Flowing Fountain.

31

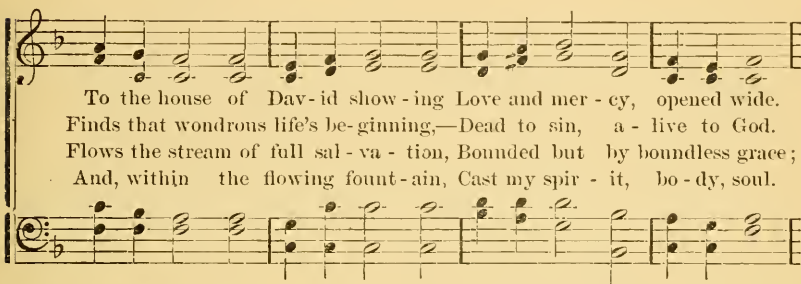
R. K. C.

Zechariah xiii.

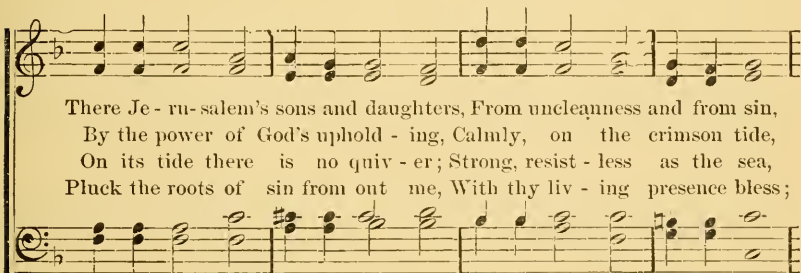
R. KELSO CARTER



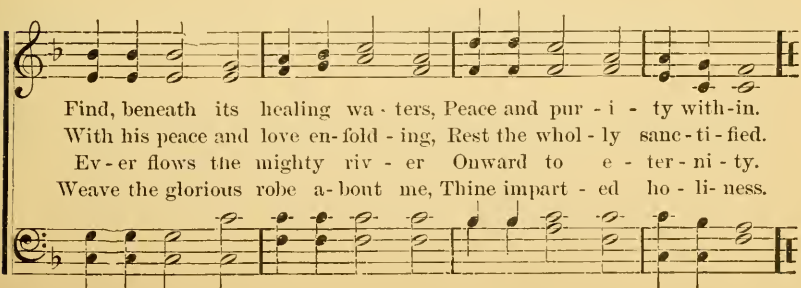
1. There's a fount-ain, free-ly flow-ing Out from Calv'ry's riv-en side,
 2. There faith, vict'ries ev-er win-ning, Resting on th'-In-carnate Word,
 3. Wid-er than the whole cre-a-tion, Deeper than the depths of space,
 4. Lord, by faith I move the mountain, Here I con-se-crate the whole;



To the house of Dav-id show-ing Love and mer-cy, opened wide.
 Finds that wondrous life's be-gin-ning,—Dead to sin, a-live to God.
 Flows the stream of full sal-va-tion, Bounded but by boundless grace;
 And, within the flowing fount-ain, Cast my spir-it, bo-dy, soul.



There Je-ru-salem's sons and daughters, From uncleanness and from sin,
 By the power of God's uphold-ing, Calmly, on the crimson tide,
 On its tide there is no quiv-er; Strong, resist-less as the sea,
 Pluck the roots of sin from out me, With thy liv-ing presence bless;



Find, beneath its healing wa-ters, Peace and pur-i-ty with-in.
 With his peace and love en-fold-ing, Rest the whol-ly sanc-ti-fied.
 Ev-er flows the mighty riv-er Onward to e-ter-ni-ty.
 Weave the glorious robe a-bout me, Thine impart-ed ho-li-ness.

Sinner, What Then?

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

A. L. MANCHESTER.

*Slowly.**rit.*

1. Sin - ner, when youth's bright morn is past, Sinner, what then, what then?
 2. What if you reach the noon of life, Sinner, what then, what then?
 3. When sil - ver hairs thy head a - dorn, Sinner, what then, what then?
 4. Haste, sin - ner! then to Christ to - day, Sinner, what then, what then?

When joys have fled you now hold fast, Sin - ner, what then, what then?
 And min - gle in its din and strife, Sin - ner, what then, what then?
 And you of boast - ed strength are shorn, Sin - ner, what then, what then?
 He all thy sins will wash a - way: Sin - ner, what then, what then?

When gay companions now so dear Shall from thy side all dis - ap - pear,
 What if you toil 'mid heat and cold To gath - er up earth's treasured gold,
 When you death's silent val - ley tread And earthly help - ers all have fled,
 Thy soul He'll fill with joy di - vine And light around thy path will shine,

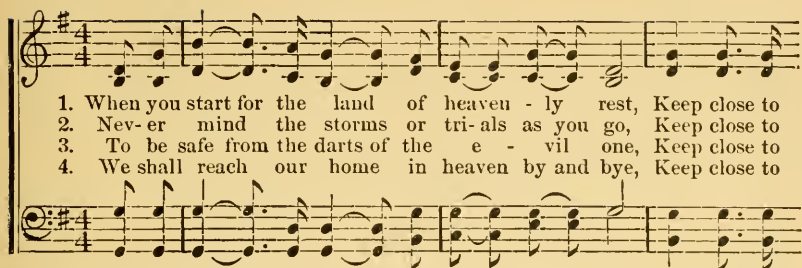
rit.
 And all the world seems dark and drear, Sinner, what then, what then?
 What if at last the prize you hold, Sinner, what then, what then?
 And you are filled with fear and dread, Sinner, what then, what then?
 And peace un - told will then be thine, And life e - ter - nal then.

Keep Close to Jesus.

33

J. L.

JOHN LANE.

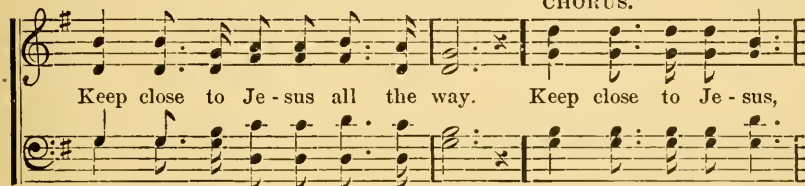


1. When you start for the land of heaven - ly rest, Keep close to
 2. Nev-er mind the storms or tri-als as you go, Keep close to
 3. To be safe from the darts of the e - vil one, Keep close to
 4. We shall reach our home in heaven by and bye, Keep close to

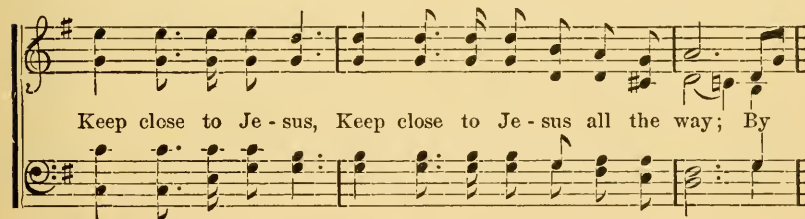


Jesus all the way; For he is the Guide, and he knows the way best,
 Jesus all the way; 'Tis a comfort and joy his fa - vor to know,
 Jesus all the way; Take the shield of faith till the vic-to-ry is won,
 Jesus all the way; Where to those we love we'll never say good-bye,

CHORUS.



Keep close to Je - sus all the way. Keep close to Je - sus,



Keep close to Je - sus, Keep close to Je - sus all the way; By



day or by night never turn from the right, Keep close to Jesus all the way.

COME TO THE SAVIOUR.

C. B.

CHAS. BENTLEY.

SOLO.

1. We read in the Bi-ble how Je - sus doth love, And of mansions pre-
 2. There's a beautiful mansion so bright and so fair, The a-pos-tles of
 3. 'Tis ea-sy for sin-ners to come to the Lord, It's on-ly re-
 4. Then come to the Saviour the time's drawing nigh, For Je - sus has

pared in the heav-ens a -bove, There are mansions for Christian's I
 old and the righteous are there, And on - ly the pure hearts our
 pent-ance and faith in His word, And God for the sake of His
 said He will come by and by, And if your not read-y the

know it is true, Ex-cept ye re-pent there's no mansion for you.
 Sav-iour has told, Can en-ter that ci - ty whose streets are of gold.
 on - ly dear Son, Blots out thy transgressions and sins ev - ery one.
 Sav-iour will say, "De-part ye ac - cur - sed for - ev - er a - way."

CHORUS.

Come will you come, Come to the Saviour, Come will you come, No long-er de-lay,

COME TO THE SAVIOUR.—Concluded.

35

Musical score for 'Come to the Saviour'. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Come will you come, Come to the Saviour, Je- sus will save you to - day.

ONE WORD FOR JESUS.

C. B.

CHAS. BENTLEY.

Musical score for 'One Word for Jesus'. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

1. Will you speak a word for Je- sus, Speak a word for thy soul's sake;
 2. Will you speak a word for Je- sus, Tell them He a - bide with - in;
 3. Will you speak a word for Je- sus, If sal - va - tion you do claim;
 4. Will you speak a word for Je- sus, He is wait - ing now to hear;

Musical score for 'One Word for Jesus' (Continuation). The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Just a word will make you stronger, Help you to the bless - ed gate.
 Though the world may be a - gainst you, Just one word may help them in.
 Kind - ly men - tion all a - bout Him, What you know in Je - sus name.
 Help to bear the cross of Je - sus, And His bless - ing you will share.

D.S.—Just a lit - tle word for Je - sus, May help some poor sin - ner in.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Musical score for 'One Word for Jesus' (Chorus). The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

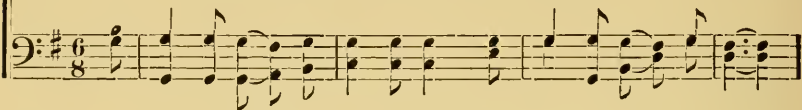
On - ly speak a word for Je - sus, Speak a word for Him;

Go Gather Sheaves.

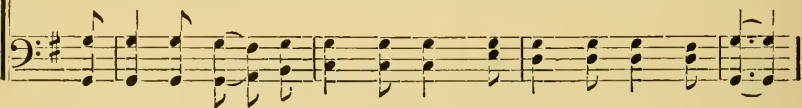
Words and Melody by
CHAS. J. BUTLER.



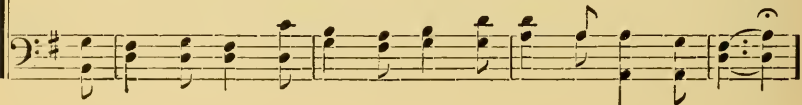
1. Hark! from the world's great harvest field, Comes Je-sus lov - ing call;
2. See fields of ripen-ed grain to - day, How few the lab - 'ers there;
3. Toil on nor ev - er wea - ry grow, Let joy be in thy song;
4. We with our sheaves when sinks the sun, Our home-ward way will wend;



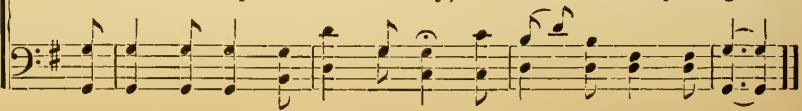
A - rise, go forth, the sick - le wield Till night shades 'round thee fall.
Haste now the Mas-ter's call o - bey, And in the har - vest share.
For they who reap, and they who sow, Re-wards to each be-long.
We'll hear our Mas - ter say: "Well Done," Thy joys shall nev-er end.



Then tar - ry not but haste a - way, To fields of rip-en-ed grain;



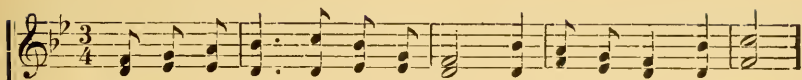
For Je - sus reap till close of day, A rich re-ward you'll gain.



We'll Meet to Part no More.

37

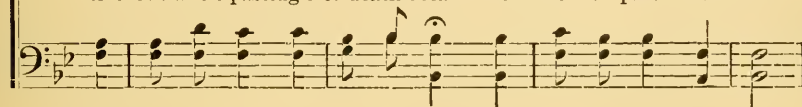
CHAS. J. BUTLER.



1. I've gone with those I loved so dear, Down to death's dreary shore ;
2. I stood and watched them dis-ap-pear, Those cherished friends of yore ;
3. When from my sight they passed a-way, To yon-der un - seen shore ;
4. Those words they whispered long a-go, I've pon-dered o'er and o'er ;
5. When Christ the boatman comes for me, And homeward bends the oar ;



These words they whispered in my ear, "We'll meet to part no more."
 To my lone heart these words bro't cheer "We'll meet to part no more."
 Me - thinks I still could hear them say "We'll meet to part no more."
 It light-ens all my grief to know "We'll meet to part no more."
 I'll shout while passing o'er death's sea "We'll meet to part no more."



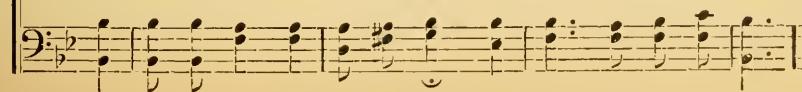
CHORUS. *p*



We'll meet they whis-pered soft and low, On you-der un - seen shore ;



Where sor-row's bit - ter tears ne'er flow, We'll meet to part no more.



The Lily of the Valley.

English Melody, arranged for this work.

1. I have found a friend in Jesus, he's ev'rything to me, He's the fairest of ten
 2. He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne; In temptation he's my
 3. He will never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here, While I live by faith and

thousand to my soul; The Li-ly of the Valley, in him alone I see All I
 strong and mighty tower; I have all for him forsaken, and all my idols torn From my
 do his blessed will; A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear; With his

D. S.—Lily of the Valley, the bright and Morning Star, He's the

Fine.
 need to cleanse and make me fully whole; In sorrow he's my comfort, in
 heart, and now he keeps me by his power; Tho' all the world forsake me, and
 manna he my hungry soul shall fill; Then sweeping up to glo-ry to
 fair-est of ten thousand to my soul. *CHO.*—In sorrow, etc. (*after each verse.*)

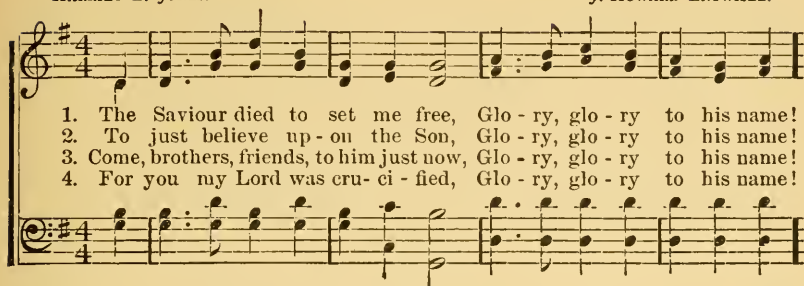
D. S.
 trouble he's my stay, He tells me ev'ry care on him to roll. He's the
 Satan tempts me sore, Thro' Jesus I shall safely reach the goal. He's the
 see his blessed face, Where rivers of delight shall ever roll. He's the

Glory, Glory to His Name!

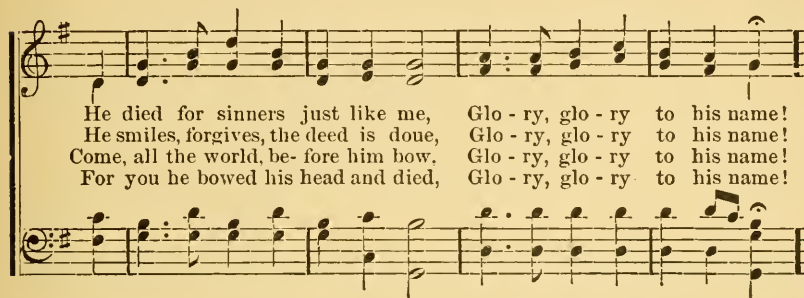
39

HARRIET E. JONES.

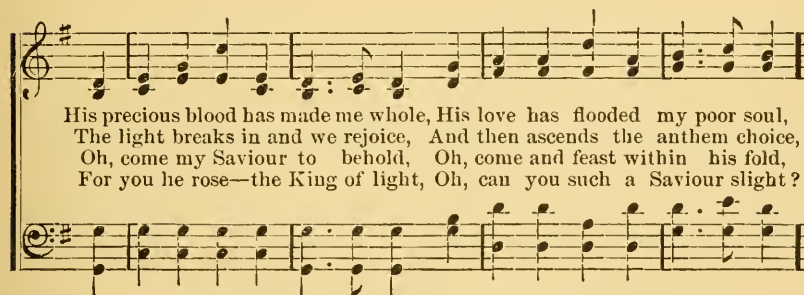
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. The Saviour died to set me free, Glo - ry, glo - ry to his name!
 2. To just believe up - on the Son, Glo - ry, glo - ry to his name!
 3. Come, brothers, friends, to him just now, Glo - ry, glo - ry to his name!
 4. For you my Lord was cru - ci - fied, Glo - ry, glo - ry to his name!



He died for sinners just like me, Glo - ry, glo - ry to his name!
 He smiles, forgives, the deed is done, Glo - ry, glo - ry to his name!
 Come, all the world, be - fore him bow, Glo - ry, glo - ry to his name!
 For you he bowed his head and died, Glo - ry, glo - ry to his name!



His precious blood has made me whole, His love has flooded my poor soul,
 The light breaks in and we rejoice, And then ascends the anthem choice,
 Oh, come my Saviour to behold, Oh, come and feast within his fold,
 For you he rose—the King of light, Oh, can you such a Saviour slight?



And his sweet Spirit holds control, Glo - ry, glo - ry to his name!
 The sweet, new song, with heart and voice, Glo - ry, glo - ry to his name!
 While angels strike their harps of gold, Glo - ry, glo - ry to his name!
 He waits to save, yes, save to-night, Glo - ry, glo - ry to his name!

Haste Then to Jesus.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. Oh, what a sad time, poor sinner, 'twill be When you stand on the shore of
 2. Now, sin-ner, you may be happy and gay, Thy pleasures will soon all
 3. You'll launch out amid the gloom of the night, And oh, not a star will
 4. Oh, haste then to Christ, his voice you will hear To thee sweetly say- ing,

death's dark sea; When the sound of the breakers shall fall on thy ear, And thy
 vanish a- way, And oh, there on death's dark and storm-beaten strand, For-
 lend its dim light, And driven and toss'd with the tempest's rude blast, On the
 "be of good cheer;" He will bear thee safe over the wild billow's foam, And

CHORUS.

soul is filled with sor- row and fear. Haste then to Jesus ere you
 sak- en at last, dear one, you will stand.
 shore of despair, a wreck you'll be cast.
 in that blest land will give thee a home.

reach the dark shore, He the blest boatman will carry thee o'er, All who have

trusted their souls to his care, Have reach'd the blest port and are safe over there.

Will You Go?

41

W. F. FOWLER.

1. We're trav'ling home to heav'n above, Will . . . you go? To sing the
 2. We're going to walk the plains of light; Will . . . you go? Far, far from the
 3. The way to heav'n is straight and plain; Will . . . you go? Re-pent, be-
 Will you go? Will you go?

[bode,
 Saviour's dying love; Will . . . you go? For millions have reach'd that blest a-
 curse of death and night; Will . . . you go? The crown of life we then shall wear,
 lieve, be born again; Will . . . you go? The Sav- iour cries aloud to thee,
 Will you go? Will you go?

Anointed Kings and priests to God; And millions more are on the road,
 The conq'r'er's palm we then shall bear, And all the joys of heav'n we'll share;
 "Take up your cross and follow me, And thou shalt my sal- va- tion see;"

CHORUS.

Will . . . you go? . . . Will . . . you go? . . . Will . . . you
 Will you go? Will you go? Will you go? Will you go? Will you go?

go? . . There is a place for all above, Will . . . you go?
 Will you go? Will you, will you go?

O Sinner, Enter In.

Words and Melody by
CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. The gate of mer - cy o - pen stands—O sin-ner, en - ter in,
2. For all the world 'twas o - pened wide—O sin-ner, en - ter in,
3. Now haste to Mer - cy's o - pen gate—O sin-ner, en - ter in,

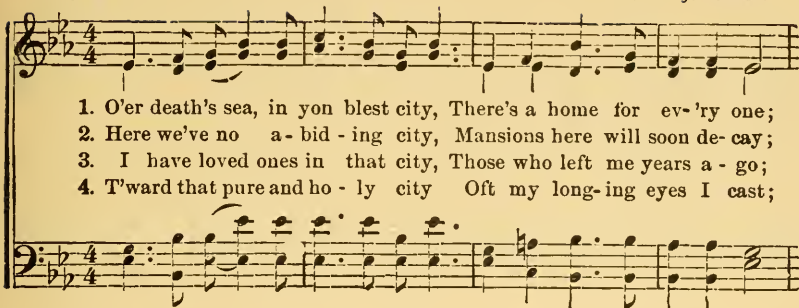
'Twas o - pened by Christ's bleeding hands—O sin-ner, en - ter in.
The vil - est ne'er will be de - nied—O sin-ner, en - ter in.
For soon, ah! soon 'twill be too late—O sin-ner, en - ter in.

Thousands once stained with guilt and sin, Thro' that blest gate have entered in,
There Je - sus stands to welcome thee, And He thy burdened soul will free,
Death's dreary night will come to thee, No way to Mer-cy's Gate you'll see,

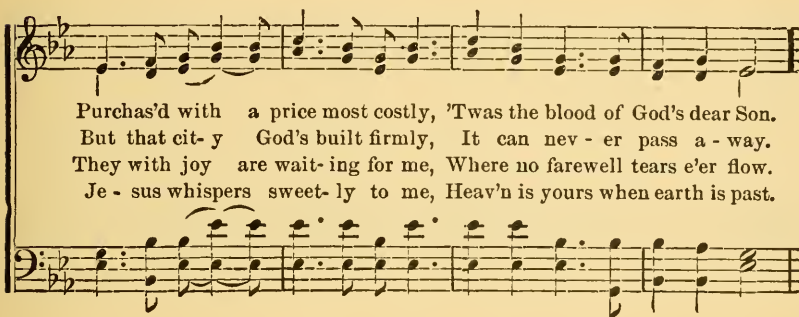
And sweet-ly saved they long have been—O sin-ner, en - ter, in.
Thy best and dear - est friend is He—O sin-ner, en - ter, in.
For - ev - er closed to you 'twill be, Haste, sin-ner, en - ter, in!

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

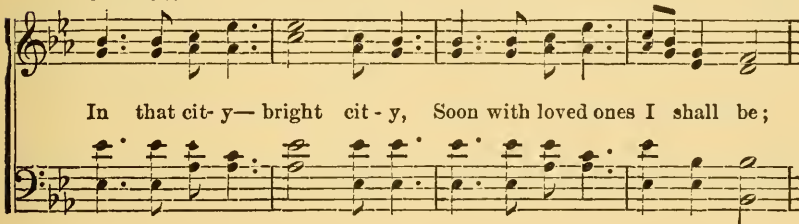


1. O'er death's sea, in yon blest city, There's a home for ev'-ry one;
 2. Here we've no a-bid-ing city, Mansions here will soon de-cay;
 3. I have loved ones in that city, Those who left me years a-go;
 4. T'ward that pure and ho-ly city Oft my long-ing eyes I cast;

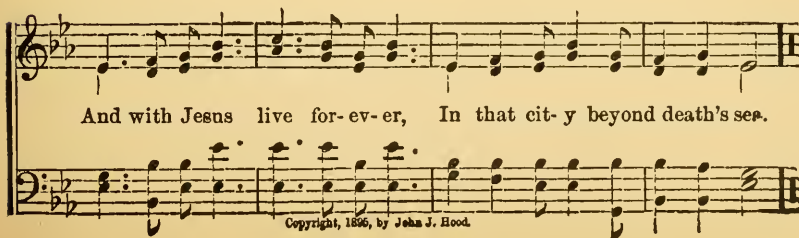


Purchas'd with a price most costly, 'Twas the blood of God's dear Son.
 But that cit-y God's built firmly, It can nev-er pass a-way.
 They with joy are wait-ing for me, Where no farewell tears e'er flow.
 Je-sus whispers sweet-ly to me, Heav'n is yours when earth is past.

CHORUS.



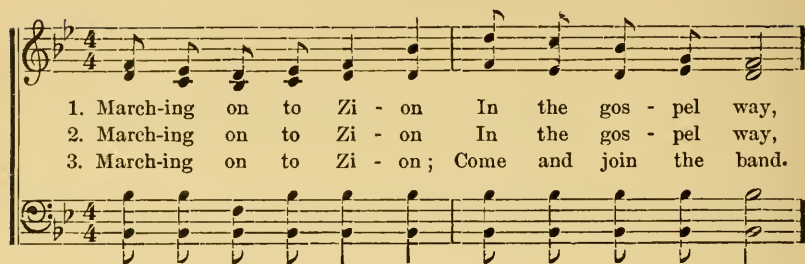
In that cit-y—bright cit-y, Soon with loved ones I shall be;



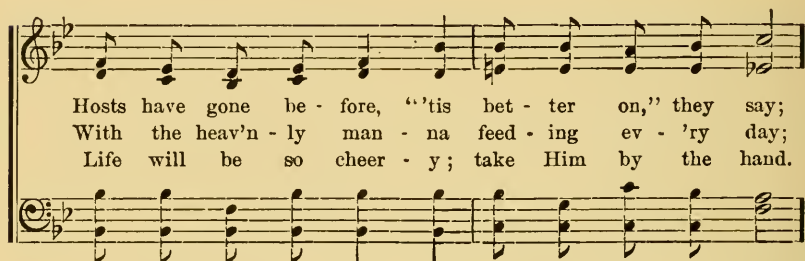
And with Jesus live for-ev-er, In that cit-y beyond death's sea.

WE'RE GOING TO SEE THE KING.

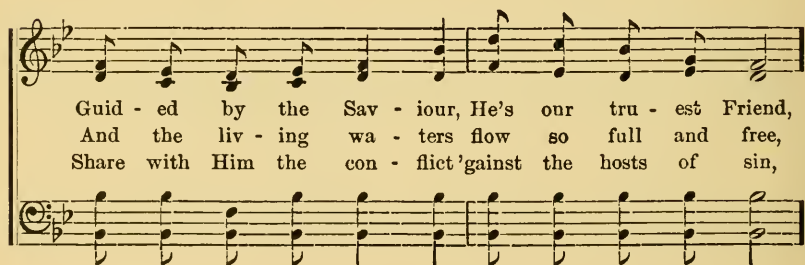
Words and Music by CHAS. BENTLEY.



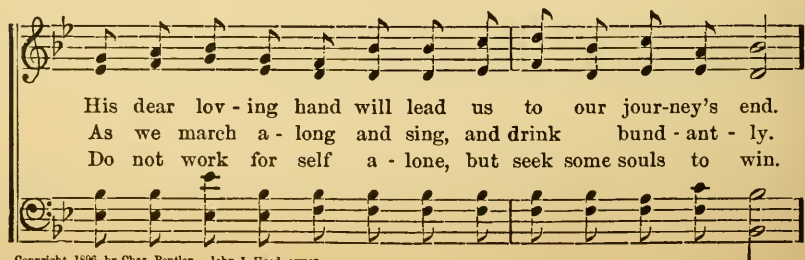
1. March-ing on to Zi - on In the gos - pel way,
 2. March-ing on to Zi - on In the gos - pel way,
 3. March-ing on to Zi - on ; Come and join the band.



Hosts have gone be - fore, "'tis bet - ter on," they say;
 With the heav'n - ly man - na feed - ing ev - 'ry day;
 Life will be so cheer - y ; take Him by the hand.




Guid - ed by the Sav - iour, He's our tru - est Friend,
 And the liv - ing wa - ters flow so full and free,
 Share with Him the con - flict 'gainst the hosts of sin,

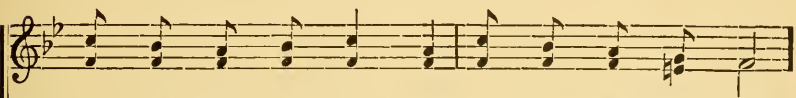


His dear lov - ing hand will lead us to our jour - ney's end.
 As we march a - long and sing, and drink bund - ant - ly.
 Do not work for self a - lone, but seek some souls to win.


WE'RE GOING TO SEE THE KING.—Concluded.45



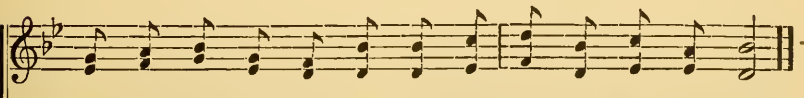
Faith - ful, true de - pend - ing—on His breast we'll lay;
Heav'n - ly things we care for, heav'n - ly things we'll trace,
Read - y for the bat - tle, wretch - ed ones to save,



Tri - als we're ex - spect - ing on this gos - pel way;
World - ly things will nev - er gain a heav'n - ly place;
Read - y dy - ing souls to res - cue from the grave;



Help us then, our Fa - ther, while Thy praise we sing,
Stay with us for - ev - er, souls we'll try to bring,
March a - long to Zi - on, Ev - 'ry - bod - y sing,

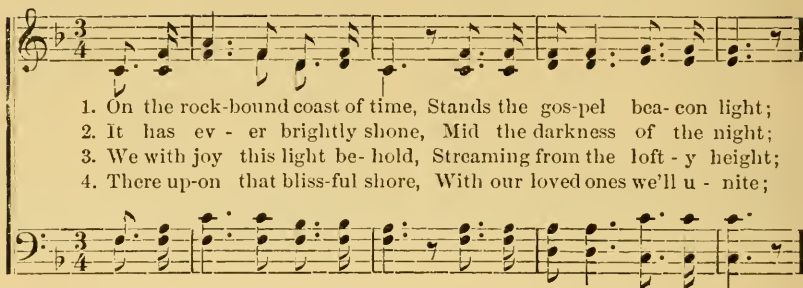


Grant us vic - 'try o'er the foe—we're going to see the King.
March a - right both day and night—we're bound to see the King.
Make it known the right a - lone—we're going to see the King.

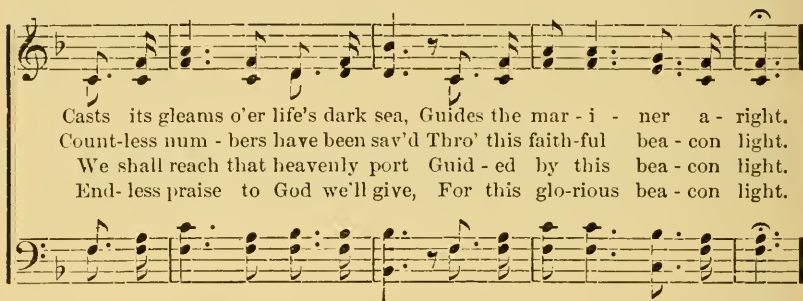
The Beacon Light.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

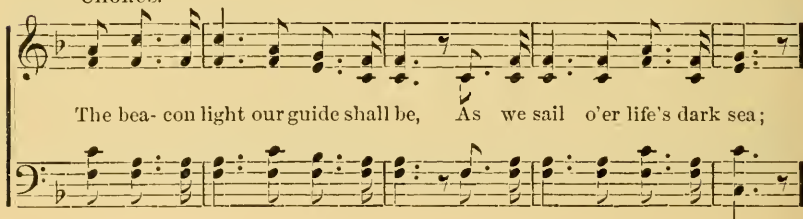


1. On the rock-bound coast of time, Stands the gos-pel bea-con light;
 2. It has ev - er brightly shone, Mid the darkness of the night;
 3. We with joy this light be- hold, Streaming from the loft - y height;
 4. There up-on that bliss-ful shore, With our loved ones we'll u - nite;

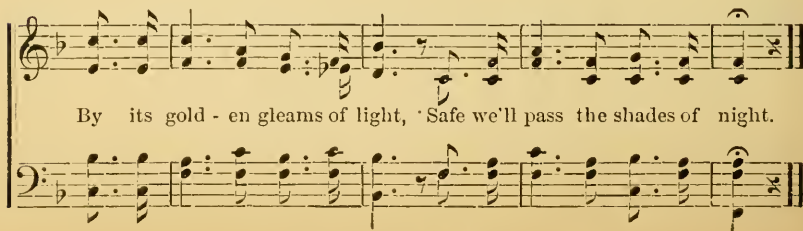


Casts its gleams o'er life's dark sea, Guides the mar - i - ner a - right.
 Count-less num - bers have been sav'd Thro' this faith-ful bea - con light.
 We shall reach that heavenly port Guid - ed by this bea - con light.
 End-less praise to God we'll give, For this glo-rious bea - con light.

CHORUS.



The bea - con light our guide shall be, As we sail o'er life's dark sea;



By its gold - en gleams of light, 'Safe we'll pass the shades of night.

Songs about Jesus.

47

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Oh, the best songs of all are the songs about Jesus, Bearing consolation
 2. Oh, the songs that do good are the songs about Jesus, Lifting men t'ward heaven
 3. Oh, the songs that bring cheer are the songs about Jesus, Casting beams of sunshine

as they onward roll; Oh, what joy their message brings, borne along the heav'nly
 as they journey on; For they tell of him who died, who can heal the soul's dis-
 all along the way; Telling of the blessed One who from sin and sorrow

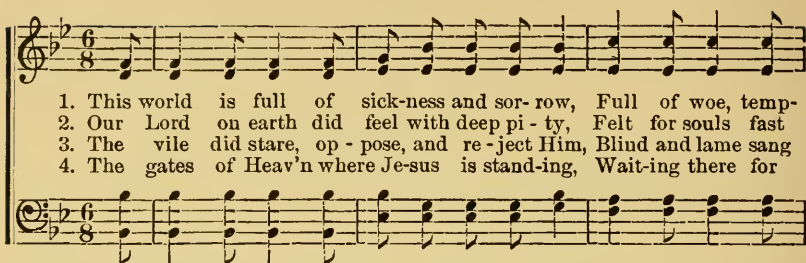
CHORUS.
 breezes, Wafted o'er the waters of the sin-sick soul. Yes, the best songs of
 eas- es, Making wise the simple and the feeble strong.
 frees us, Bearing all our burdens, turning night to day.

all are the songs about Jesus; Other songs will perish and forgotten be, But the

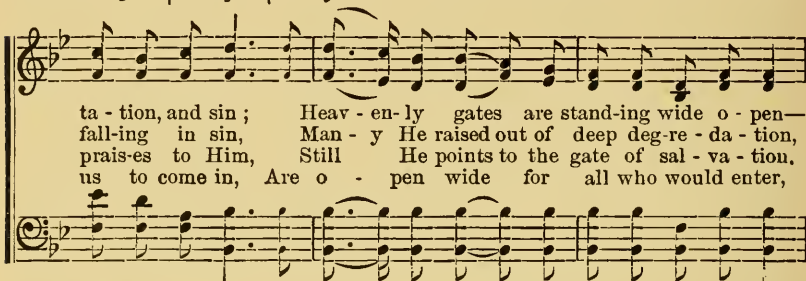
songs that will *live* are the songs about Jesus, They will live thro' all eternity.

WILL YOU COME IN?

Words and Music by CHAS. BENTLEY.

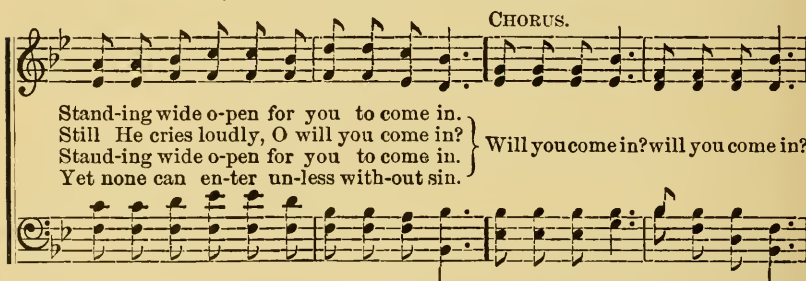


1. This world is full of sick-ness and sor-row, Full of woe, temp-
 2. Our Lord on earth did feel with deep pi-ty, Felt for souls fast
 3. The vile did stare, op- pose, and re-ject Him, Blind and lame sang
 4. The gates of Heav'n where Je-sus is stand-ing, Wait-ing there for

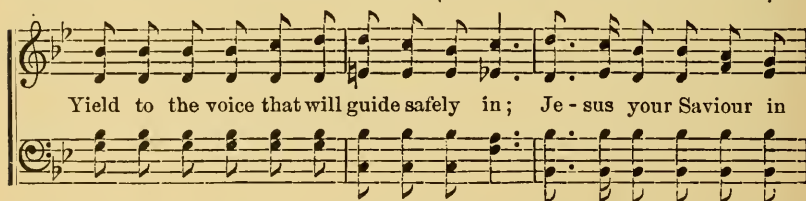


ta- tion, and sin; Heav- en-ly gates are stand-ing wide o- pen-
 fall-ing in sin, Man- y He raised out of deep deg-re- da- tion,
 prais-es to Him, Still He points to the gate of sal- va- tion,
 us to come in, Are o- pen wide for all who would enter,

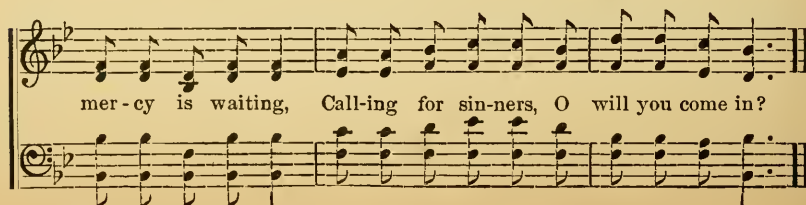
CHORUS.



Stand-ing wide o- pen for you to come in.
 Still He cries loudly, O will you come in?
 Stand-ing wide o- pen for you to come in. } Will you come in? will you come in?
 Yet none can en-ter un-less with-out sin.



Yield to the voice that will guide safely in; Je- sus your Saviour in



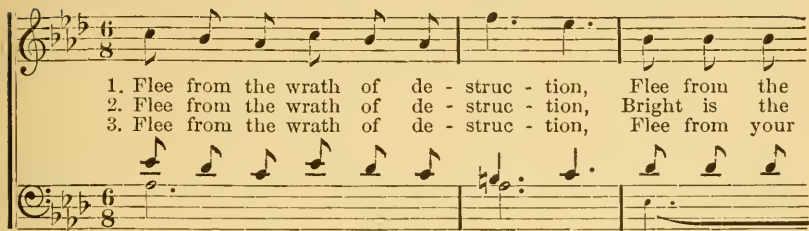
mer- cy is waiting, Call-ing for sin-ners, O will you come in?

FLEE FROM THE WRATH.

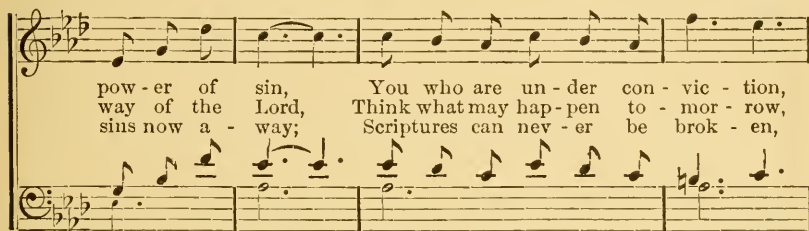
49

Words and Music by CHAS. BENTLEY.

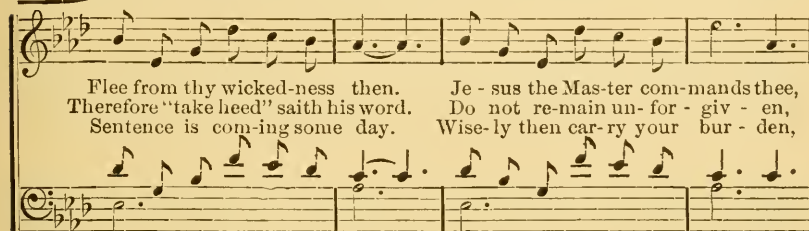
DUET.—Sop. and Ten.



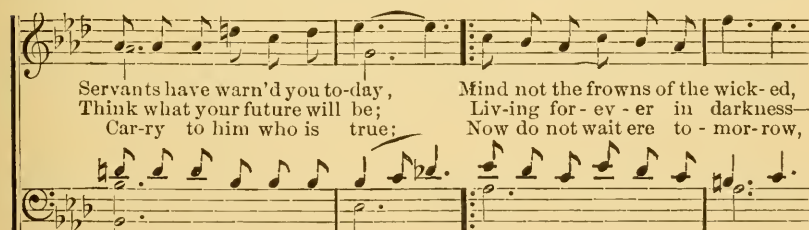
1. Flee from the wrath of de - struc - tion, Flee from the
 2. Flee from the wrath of de - struc - tion, Bright is the
 3. Flee from the wrath of de - struc - tion, Flee from your



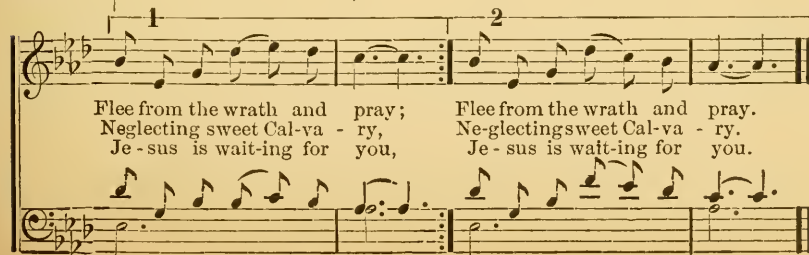
pow - er of sin, You who are un - der con - vic - tion,
 way of the Lord, Think what may hap - pen to - mor - row,
 sins now a - way; Scriptures can nev - er be brok - en,



Flee from thy wicked - ness then. Je - sus the Mas - ter com - mands thee,
 Therefore "take heed" saith his word. Do not re - main un - for - giv - en,
 Sentence is com - ing some day. Wise - ly then car - ry your bur - den,



Servants have warn'd you to - day, Mind not the frowns of the wick - ed,
 Think what your future will be; Liv - ing for - ev - er in dark - ness—
 Car - ry to him who is true; Now do not wait ere to - mor - row,

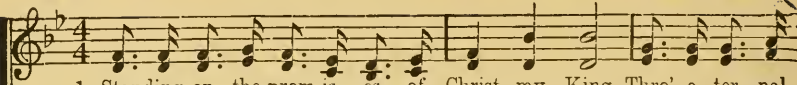


1. Flee from the wrath and pray; Flee from the wrath and pray.
 Neglecting sweet Cal - va - ry, Neglecting sweet Cal - va - ry.
 Je - sus is wait - ing for you, Je - sus is wait - ing for you.

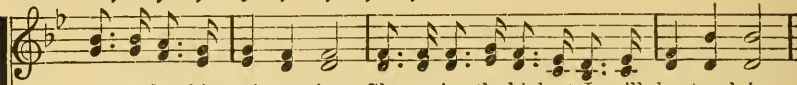
Standing on the Promises.

R. K. C.

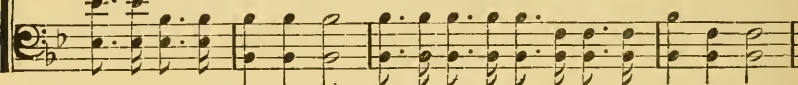
R. KELSO CARTER.



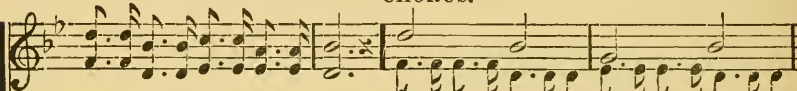
1. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal
 2. Standing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail, When the howling
 3. Standing on the prom-is - es I now can see Per - fect, present
 4. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to him e -
 5. Standing on the prom-is - es I can - not fall, Listening ev - ery



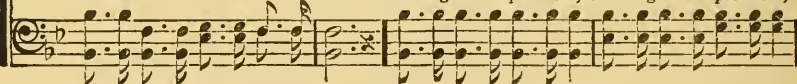
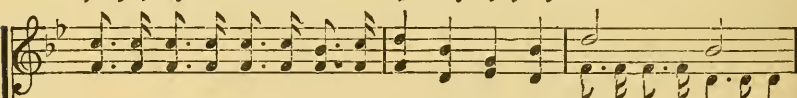
a - ges let his prais-es ring; Glo - ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,
 storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing Word of God I shall pre - vail,
 cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
 ter - nally by love's strong cord, O - vercoming dai - ly with the Spir - its' sword,
 moment to the Spir - its' call, Rest - ing in my Saviour, as my all in all,



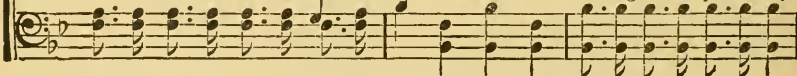
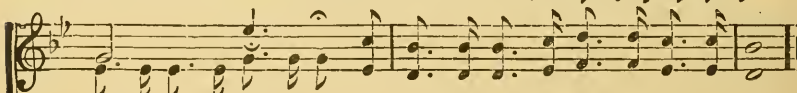
CHORUS.



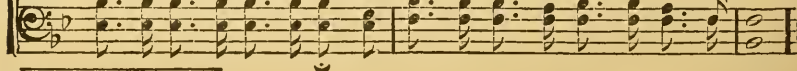
Standing on the promises of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,
 Standing on the promises, Standing on the promises,

Standing on the promis - es of God my Saviour; Stand - - ing,
 Standing on the promis - es,

stand - - ing, I'm standing on the promis - es of God.
 Standing on the prom - is - es,

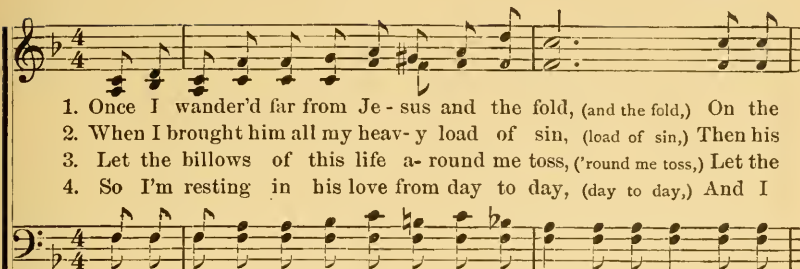


Saved Even Now.

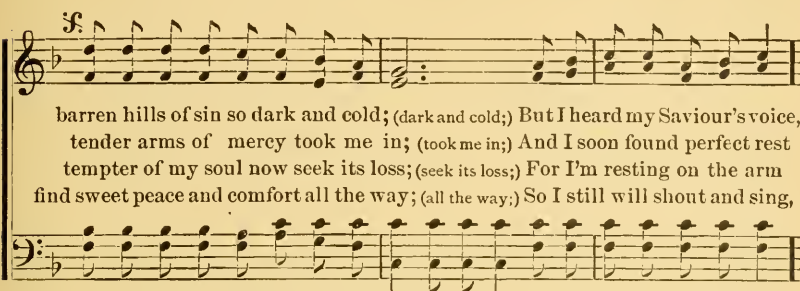
51

C. B.

CHAS. BENTLEY.

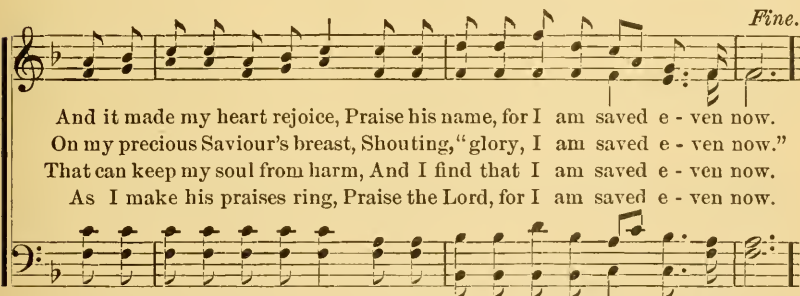


1. Once I wander'd far from Je - sus and the fold, (and the fold,) On the
 2. When I brought him all my heav - y load of sin, (load of sin,) Then his
 3. Let the billows of this life a - round me toss, ('round me toss,) Let the
 4. So I'm resting in his love from day to day, (day to day,) And I



barren hills of sin so dark and cold; (dark and cold;) But I heard my Saviour's voice,
 tender arms of mercy took me in; (took me in;) And I soon found perfect rest
 tempter of my soul now seek its loss; (seek its loss;) For I'm resting on the arm
 find sweet peace and comfort all the way; (all the way;) So I still will shout and sing,

D. S.—Saviour, when I made the solemn vow; (solemn vow;) All my sins are wash'd away,

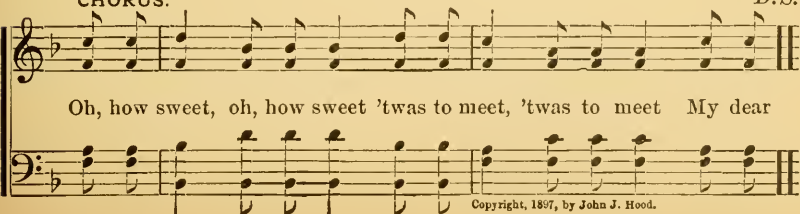


Fine.
 And it made my heart rejoice, Praise his name, for I am saved e - ven now.
 On my precious Saviour's breast, Shouting, "glory, I am saved e - ven now."
 That can keep my soul from harm, And I find that I am saved e - ven now.
 As I make his praises ring, Praise the Lord, for I am saved e - ven now.

He has turn'd my night to day, And I'm praising God, I'm saved e - ven now.

CHORUS.

D. S.



Oh, how sweet, oh, how sweet 'twas to meet, 'twas to meet My dear

A Sinner Like Me.

C. J. B.

C. J. BUTLER.

1. I was once far a - way from the Sav - iour, And as
 2. I wan - dered on in the dark - ness, Not a
 3. And then in that dark lone - ly hour, A

vile as a sin - ner could be, I won - dered if Christ, the Re -
 ray of light could I see, And the tho't fill'd my heart with
 voice sweet - ly whis - pered to me, Say - ing Christ, the Re - deem - er has

deem - er, Could save a poor sin - ner like me, I won - dered if
 sad - ness, There's no help for a sin - ner like me, And the tho't filled my
 pow - er To save a poor sin - ner like me, Say - ing Christ, the Re -

Christ, the Re - deem - er, Could save a poor sin - ner like me.
 heart with sad - ness, There's no help for a sin - ner like me.
 deem - er has pow - er To save a poor sin - ner like me.

4 I listened, and lo! 'twas the Saviour
 That was speaking so kindly to me;
 ||: I cried, I'm the chief of sinners,
 Oh, save a poor sinner like me. :||

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus;
 And oh, what a joy came to me:
 ||: My heart was filled with his praises,
 For saving a sinner like me. :||

6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
 For the light is now shining on me,
 ||: And now unto others I'm telling,
 How He saved a poor sinner like me. :||

7 And when life's journey is over,
 And I the dear Saviour shall see,
 ||: I'll praise Him forever and ever,
 For saving a sinner like me. :||

The Comes to Seek To-day.

53

C. B.

CHAS. BENTLEY.

1. The blessed Lord, he comes to seek Poor sinners by the way; He brings for
 2. He comes with grace so rich and free To sinners by the way; He gently
 3. He comes to free from stain of sin Poor sinners by the way; He gives to

CHORUS.
 them the finest wheat, He comes to seek to-day. He comes to seek to-
 says, "accept of me," He comes to seek to-day.
 them pure hearts within, He comes to seek to-day.

day poor sinners by the way, The lost ones in the wil- derness He

comes to seek to-day; He comes to seek to-day poor sinners by the way,

The lost ones in the wil - derness He comes to seek to-day.

Copyright, 1897, by John J. Hood.

4 He comes with loving heart and hand
 To sinners by the way;
 Oh, won't you live by his command?
 He comes to seek to-day.

5 He comes to make your title clear,
 He's coming now this way;
 He'll take you with himself up there,
 He comes to seek to-day.

Rev. F. L. SNYDER.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. What words of life are these I hear, Thy sins are all for - given;
 2. Thy faith has sav'd thee, go in peace, Thy sins are all for - given;
 3. With joy of heart this word receive, Thy sins are all for - given;

Dis - pel - ing ev - 'ry doubt and fear, Thy sins are all for - giv - en.
 Henceforth from ev - 'ry sin to cease, Thy sins are all for - giv - en.
 In sim - ple faith do thou be - lieve, Thy sins are all for - giv - en.

CHORUS.

For - giv - en, for - giv - en, Thy sins are all for - giv - en;

O pen - i - tent, be - lieving soul, Thy sins are all for - giv - en.

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55 Old Jordan's Waves I do not Fear.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. Some day, I know not when 'twill be, The an - gel death will come to me;
 2. My sins he long a - go forgave, And still I feel his pow'r to save;
 3. O'er me has sorrow's storm oft swept, Safe from the danger me he's kept;

Copyright, 1896, by John J. Hood.

Old Jordan's Waves, etc.—CONCLUDED.

But this I know, if Christ be near, Old Jordan's waves I will not fear.
 And if I keep the witness clear, Old Jordan's waves I will not fear.
 If still I trust this friend so dear, Old Jordan's waves I will not fear.

- 4 My lov'd ones they have cross'd the tide, 5 So when at death's cold brink I stand,
 But safely cross'd with Christ their guide; My hand clasp'd in the Saviour's hand;
 They sweetly whispered in my ear, I too shall shout in tones so clear,
 Old Jordan's waves I do not fear. Old Jordan's waves I do not fear.

56 Now I Feel the Sacred Fire.

Arranged by R. KESLO CARTER.

Fine.

1. { Now I feel the sa - cred fire, Kindling, flam - ing, glow - ing, }
 { High - er still and ris - ing higher, All my soul o'er - flow - ing; }
D. C.—I was dead, but now I live, Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!

D. C.

Life im - mor - tal I re - ceive,— Oh, the wondrous sto - ry!

Copyright, 1886, by John J. Hood.

- 2 Now I am from bondage freed,
 Every bond is riven;
 Jesus makes me free indeed,
 Just as free as heaven:
 'Tis a glorious liberty—
 Oh, the wondrous story!
 I was bound, but now I'm free,
 Glory! glory! glory!

- 3 Let the testimony roll,
 Roll through every nation;
 Witnessing from soul to soul,
 This immense salvation,
 Now I know its full and free;
 Oh, the wondrous story!
 For I feel it saving me,
 Glory! glory! glory!

- 4 Glory be to God on high,
 Glory be to Jesus!
 He hath brought salvation nigh,
 From all sin he frees us.
 Let the golden harps of God
 Ring the wondrous story;
 Let the pilgrim shout aloud,
 Glory! glory! glory!

- 5 Let the trump of jubilee,
 The glad tidings thunder;
 Jesus sets the captive free:
 Bursts their bonds asunder;
 Fetters break and dungeons fall,
 Oh, the wondrous story!
 This salvation's free to all,
 Glory! glory! glory!

Once Upon a Stormy Ocean.

Arranged and harmonized by J. H. E.

1. Once up-on a storm-y o-c-ean Rode a bark at e-ven-tide,

While the waves in wild commotion Dashed against the ves-sel's side;
D.S.—While the winds were all a-broad Calm-ly slept the Son of God.

Je-sus sleeping on a pil-low Heed-ed not the rag-ing bil-low,

2 In that dark and stormy hour
Fearful ones awoke their Lord,
Jesus by his sovereign power
Calmed the tempest with a word;
Out on life's tempestuous ocean,
'Mid the billows' wild commotion,
Trembling soul, your Lord is there,
He will make you still his care.

3 Jesus knows your silent weeping
When before his cross you bow,
Never, never is he sleeping,
Where he reigns in glory now;
If the world be dark before thee,
And the billows rolling o'er thee,
Should thy soul with terror fill,
Hear Christ saying, "peace, be still."

The Old Folks' Hymn.

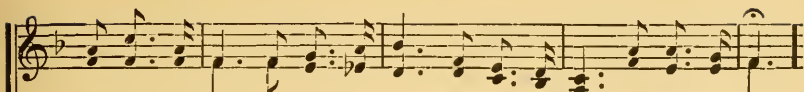
I was in the home of an aged couple one day; their little granddaughter went singing through the house, "What a friend we have in Jesus." The tears coursed down their wrinkled faces and they said, "those words we realize to be true in our case."—C. J. B.

C. J. B.

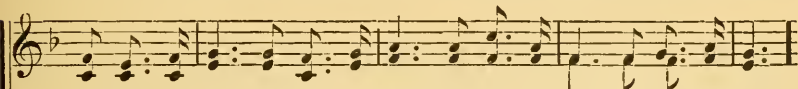
CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. I sat with-in a home one day With two whose locks with age were gray,
2. The tears cours'd down their aged face, Where grief's rude hand had left its trace,
3. Those a-ged ones long years a-go In triumph left this world of woe;

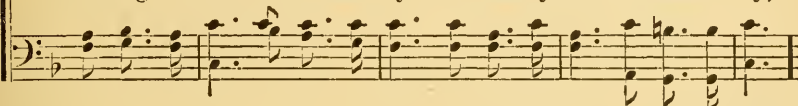
The Old Folks' Hymn.—CONCLUDED.



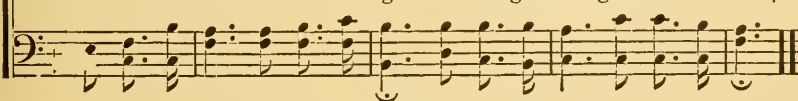
The heav'nly race they long had run, Their work on earth was nearly done;
And 'mid those tears to me they said, "On Christ long since our care we've laid,
They're living now with Christ their friend, And joys are their's which ne'er shall end.



Within that humble home was one Who had life's journey just begun,
He's been to us a friend so dear, In sorrow's night spoke words of cheer,"
The song of that far, dis- tant day From mem'ry ne'er will fade a- way;

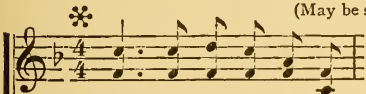


And with her childish voice sang clear This dear old hymn, so full of cheer.*
They prais'd the One once for them slain, While still she sang this sweet refrain.†
When burden'd with earth's care and grief I've sung this song and found relief.‡

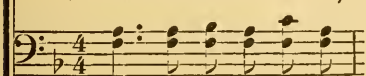


What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

(May be sung by a little girl.)



1. What a Friend we have in, etc.



*1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

† 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

‡ 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there

Take me as I am.

59

ANON.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je-sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Unless thou help me I must die;
 2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt,
 3. I thirst, I long to know thy love, Thy full sal-va-tion I would prove;
 4. If thou hast work for me to do, Inspire my will, my heart renew,
 5. And when at last the work is done, The bat-tle o'er, the vic-t'ry won,

Fine.
 Oh, bring thy free sal-va-tion nigh, And take me as I am!
 And thou can'st make me what thou wilt, But take me as I am!
 But since to thee I can-not move, Oh, take me as I am!
 And work both in and by me, too, But take me as I am!
 Still, still my cry shall be a-lone, Oh, take me as I am!

D. S.—bring thy free sal-va-tion nigh, And take me as I am!

REFRAIN. *D. S.*
 Take me as I am, Take me as I am; Oh,
 Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;

Copyright, 1878, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

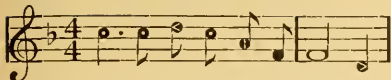
JUST AS I AM.

Tune and Chorus above.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come!</p> <p>2 JUST as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each
 O Lamb of God, I come! [spot,</p> <p>3 JUST as I am, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings within, and fears without,
 O Lamb of God, I come!</p> | <p>4 JUST as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come!</p> <p>5 JUST as I am—thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come!</p> <p>6 JUST as I am—thy love unknown
 Hath broken every barrier down,
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come!</p> |
|--|---|

228

What a Friend.

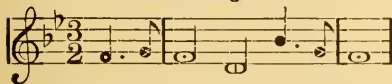


1 WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

229

Rock of Ages.



1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no langour know;
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

230

Before the Cross.



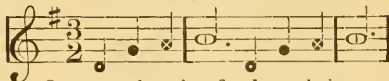
1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

231

Happy Day.



1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its rapture all abroad.

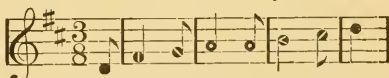
Cho.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done—
I am my Lord's and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

3 Now rest, my long divided heart:
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.

232

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

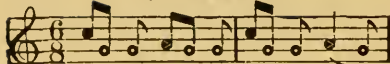


1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

233

Depth of Mercy.



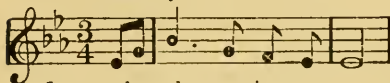
- 1 DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

Cho.—God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus lives, and loves me still;
Jesus lives,
He lives and loves me still.

- 2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

- 3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

234 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.



- 1 I HEAR thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to thee,
For cleansing in thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

Cho.—I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

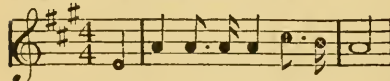
- 2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

- 3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

- 4 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

235

The Home Over There.



- 1 OH, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robes in their garments of white.
Ref.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there.

- 2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

Ref.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.

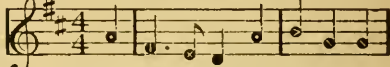
- 3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

Ref.—Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

- 4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Ref.—Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

236

He Leadeth Me!



- 1 HE leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

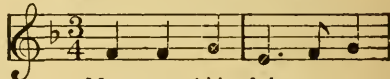
Cho.—He leadeth me, he leadeth me,
By his own hand he leadeth me:
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

- 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!

- 3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!

237

My Country! 'tis of Thee.

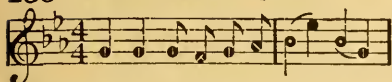


- 1 MY country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

- 2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

- 3 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

238 Saviour, like a Shepherd.



- 1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
 Much we need thy tend'rest care,
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use thy folds prepare;
 ||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast bought us, thine we are.:||
- 2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
 Be the Guardian of our way;
 Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray;
 ||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
 Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.:||
- 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
 ||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
 We will early turn to thee.:||

239 I Love to Tell the Story.

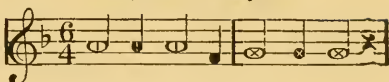


- 1 I LOVE to tell the Story
 Of unseen things above,
 Of Jesus and his glory,
 Of Jesus and his love;
 I love to tell the Story,
 Because I know it's true;
 It satisfies my longings,
 As nothing else would do.

Cho.—I love to tell the Story!
 'Twill be my theme in glory,
 To tell the Old, Old Story
 Of Jesus and his love.

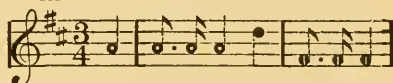
- 2 I love to tell the Story!
 More wonderful it seems,
 Than all the golden fancies
 Of all our golden dreams;
 I love to tell the Story!
 It did so much for me;
 And that is just the reason
 I tell it now to thee.
- 3 I love to tell the Story!
 For those who know it best
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it, like the rest;
 And when, in scenes of glory,
 I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
 'Twill be the OLD, OLD STORY
 That I have loved so long.

240 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.



- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high.
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O, receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
 Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my trust on thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing!
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness:
 False and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee:
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

241 There is a Land.



- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign;
 Eternal day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain;
 There everlasting Spring abides,
 And never-whith'ring flowers;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.
- 2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between;
 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er, [flood
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
 Should fright us from the shore,

242 Come, We that Love.



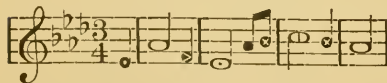
- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry; [ground
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.

243 O for a Faith.



- 1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;
- 3 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.
- 4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

244 Forever Here my Rest.



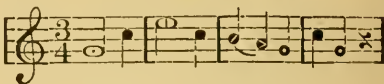
- 1 FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me, the Saviour died.

- 2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

- 3 Wash me and make me thus thine own,
Wash me and mine thou art:
Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
My hands, my head, my heart.

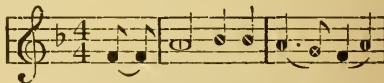
- 4 Th' a-tonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

245 In the Cross of Christ.



- 1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers 'round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory, etc.

246 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

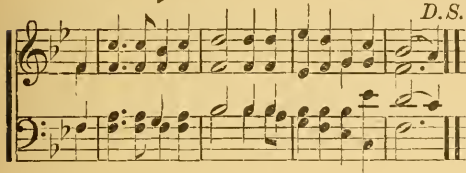
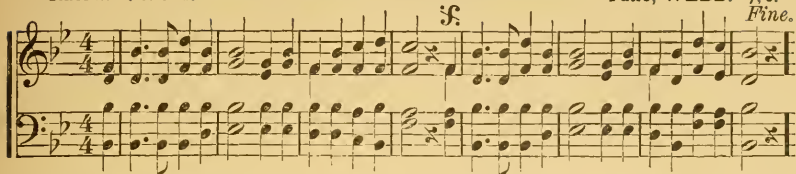


- MY Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,
For thee all the follies of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art thou,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

- 2 I love thee because thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow;
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

- 3 I will love thee in life, I'll love thee in death,
And praise thee as long as thou lendest me
breath; [my brow,
And say, when the death-dew lies cold on
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

- 4 In mansions of glory and endless delight
I'll ever adore thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.



D.S.

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

248 GEO. DUFFIELD, JR. Stand up, stand up for Jesus.

Tune above.

1 STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes:
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

249

Work, for the night is coming.

Key F.

1 WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.

Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
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